The Saturday Review

of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER

OCTOBER 17, 1925

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TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME II — SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1925 — NUMBER 12

"Democracy"

HENRY ADAMS was a living argument for democracy. An aristocrat and an intellectual, born of one of the few great lines we have bred in America, he would have tucked himself into European society as snugly as Henry James or Irving or Sargent. He would have produced a few works of standard history, had a distinguished social experience, and written at the end of it all one of those tall octavo memoirs, illustrated by photographs and anecdotes, which intelligent English gentlemen who have made a place for themselves in the world never fail to publish. Instead he chose to stay at home and struggle with the problems of a vulgar democracy that repelled and yet fascinated him. He could neither condemn nor escape the social history of his country and so lived in a constant state of high blood pressure. His "The Education of Henry Adams," one of the great biographies of our time, might have had for subtitle "Story of an Intellectual Aristocrat Trying to Survive in a Democracy, and Growing by Turns very Cross and very Wise."

The "Education" is high philosophical and swings over much that is only remotely connected with the problems of democracy. But Henry Adams had already written a much more direct study of politics in a novel and called it "Democracy." Adams had the aristocrat's dislike of talk; he published all his personal books privately first, and to "Democracy"* he never lent his name. John Hay was supposed to have written it, or Clarence King, and the edition just published is the first to bear "By Henry Adams" on the title page. It is probably the best political novel ever written by an American; and if one reads the chapter in Adam's autobiography which covers the few years before the spring of 1879 when Mr. Henry Holt received the manuscript, the reason is evident. In his accounts of Grant, Summer, Hayes, Arthur, Garfield, Hoar, there is the burning memory of an ambitious youth aghast at the corrupt and slovenly wastefulness of democratic government, and the bitter disappointment of an able man who had found that he and his abilities were not wanted in the sordid scramble for office and power. No single statesman, as Adams recalled the money-grubbing years between Lincoln and Cleveland, came through with a reputation worth having.

* * *

Political novels are usually written by novelists (like Meredith) with only a hearsay experience of politics, or by politicians with little ability to write. When Adams wrote "Democracy", he knew something at first hand of politics, he could write even better than in his later years, and he had a real story. Mrs. Lightfoot Lee, the rich New York widow, who restlessly longs to get at something nearer reality than charity and society in New York, has much of himself in her mixture of fastidiousness and desire for achievement. Silas P. Ratcliffe, the practical politician, who puts his party above honesty, and can always prove that you have to be "practical" in order to save society in America, is the personification of everything that Adams dreaded in democracy, its vulgarity, its inevitability, its power. And the novel, for all its tart pictures of Washington life, is a kind of allegory in which the love story of Ratcliffe and Mrs. Lee represents the determination of the "practical" man to drag down intellect and refinement to his own level, and the disillusion of idealism. Mrs. Lee fails, better to say that she is made a fool of; and Ratcliffe fails too, but only in his attempt to make her fineness a tool in his manipulation of democracy.

By Adams's own law of the Degradation of Moral Energy, we should be worse off now—yet apparently we are not. Presidents' wives no longer think that good dressing is immoral, and the cynical minister from Bulgaria who was always happiest where there was frank corruption would perhaps not now find that the American Senator combined the "utmost pragmatical self-assurance with the narrowest education and meanest personal experience that ever existed in any considerable government." The fortunate succession of men like Cleveland, Roosevelt, Wilson, in the White House has raised the dignity of official life, and the increasing cultivation and growing responsibility of American society has given it more breadth of intelligence.

Yet this brilliant novel is more than a sharp

(*Continued on page* 213)

*"DEMOCRACY." By HENRY ADAMS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. New Edition. 1925. $2.

To a Lady

(*Of undeniable beauty and practiced charm*)

By THE LATE AMY LOWELL

NO peacock strutting on a balustrade
Could air his feathers with a cooler grace,
Assume a finer insolence of pace,
Or make his sole advance a cavalcade
Of sudden shifts of colour, slants of shade,
Than you, the cold indifference of your face
Sharpening the cunning lure of velvets, lace,
Greens, blues, and golds, seduction on parade.
You take the accolade of staring eyes
As something due your elegance of pose,
Feeding your vanity on pecks of dust,
The weary iteration which supplies
No zest. I see you as a cankered rose
Its silver petals curled and cracked with rust.

This Week

"The Glass Window." Reviewed by *Rebecca Lowrie.*

"The Sailor's Return." Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger.*

"Runaway." Reviewed by *Edward Davison.*

"My Tower in Desmond." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

"Mr. Petre." Reviewed by *Robert C. Holliday.*

"Winged Defense." Reviewed by *Edward P. Warner.*

Next Week, or Later

The Predicament. By *Zephine Humphrey.*

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Notes on Three Novels

By REBECCA WEST

I HAVE with me in this shack in Cornwall exactly three books: "The Constant Nymph," by Margaret Kennedy; "Serena Blandish," by A Lady of Quality; "Piano Quintet," by Edward Sackville-West. They were procured for me almost fortuitously, certainly artlessly, by my secretary; a dear girl, uninterested in literature. She bought "The Constant Nymph" because of its popularity; she bought "Serena Blandish" because she liked its wrapper; she bought "Piano Quintet" because she believed it to be by another writer of the same surname. Now, I find these casually collected volumes amazing in one important respect. The level of their technical achievement is stupendously high. This is Miss Kennedy's second book; "A Lady of Quality" has done it but twice before; "Piano Quintet" is a first novel. But all these three writers know how to say what they want to say as in the past no craftsman knew till his life was nearly over. The most striking of the three in this respect is Miss Kennedy. Mr. John Galsworthy, though unquestionably one of the worst short-story-writers that ever lived, is probably (with Thomas Mann as a close second) the greatest living master of the large-scale family novel. To make all the Forsytes live and demonstrate their significance was a prodigious task. There can be nothing much more difficult than to force characters who are spiritually differentiated to exhibit their differentiation so that it is branded on the memory of the reader although one's naturalist method and the pressure of one's material on the limited space of a novel permit of little beyond a bare record of their speech and manners, which are hardly differentiated at all. But it took him a long term of years to work up to this pitch of skill from the ineptitudes of "The Island Pharisees" and "Villa Rubeina." Now comes Miss Kennedy who, when still in her twenties, beats him on his own ground.

* * *

I do not mean that Miss Kennedy is greater than Mr. Galsworthy: the design of "The Constant Nymph" is a smaller thing than that of any part of "The Forsyte Saga." But she can beat him all hollow on technique. If she never rises to his supreme felicities—such as that exquisite episode of the old Forsyte who is left dozing by a wood while Irene and Basinney go to look at the new house; whose spirit follows them and perceives them take their first kiss among the quickening airs and shows of spring, who wakes up with that vision transformed by his gluttonous old mind into a confused impression that he has been dreaming of a palatable new soup flavored with mint—she can turn a coach-and-four in half the space he needs. Had one of his novels housed Teresa, young as Juliet, loving as Juliet, for how many pages would she have had to exhibit her girlishness before some senile and lachrymose Forsyte, to prove this point of her youth! Yet Miss Kennedy does it so lightly, so convincingly, in episodes that grow out of the story as leaves grow on a branch, like the half-chapter devoted to the child's tea with Charles Churchill, and the half-page where on her way home from her scene with Lewis she and her brother plan to get Ike to take them to the Military Tournament before they go back to school. She knows how to do it.

So too does "A Lady of Quality." Was it

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not technical wisdom amounting to genius that made her choose to tell her story in a *pastiche* of the eighteenth century method, of Voltaire's way? Here she had to tell the story of a woman who desires to get married because she is penniless and alone, which is a plight that for various obscure psychological reasons the community impresses on us as undignified. She could not possibly have found a better way of breaking down one conventional prejudice and forcing us to accept her discovery that such a plight may have the dignity of any noble grief than by dressing it up in the panoply of a century that did not know what it was to be undignified. Indeed the broken rhythm caused by the conflict between the modern theme and the antique mode is a technical device of the most brilliant order, for it corresponds to the broken rhythm in Serena's life caused by the intensity of her desire to fulfil her human need for a place in life and the necessity of conforming to the conventions of the world she must cajole to give her that place. Even Mr. Sackville-West, least facile, least virile of the three, knows excellently how to do it. He has to write the story of a woman in love with a man who is, in his way, in love with her, but who because of an affliction that is like impotence of the spirit can give her nothing. They are artists, players in a piano quintet; they make music, music makes them. The opening chapters, showing the quintet gathered for rehearsal before they start on a European tour, are beautifully composed to put us in possession of all relevant facts that we must know to comprehend the subsequent drama. With extraordinary discretion we are shown a particular mood of the woman, a kind of not unamiable irascibility, that comes from her frustration, and manifests itself often, testily and piteously, in insistence on artistic perfection. "Before Melchior could answer, the music broke off suddenly, at Imogen's signal. Something was wrong with a phrase. They played it again. Then again . . . ." One is tempted to prophesy an amazing future for an art-form the technique of which is so highly developed and so generally discriminated. One remembers how Henry James barked his shins on the novel in "Roderick Hudson" and labored for years to learn how to write his masterpieces; and when he at last found his perfect and appropriate style was so accustomed to the conviction that he was writing in an inappropriate manner and must change as soon as possible that he changed that also. One remembers how Thomas Hardy wrote book after book that was tongue-tied with naiveté. Now that the technique of novel writing is pressed by the older novelists into the hands of every young novelist that has the wits to close his fingers round it—for if Miss Kennedy starts in by writing good novels it is partly because of her great talent and partly because Mr. Galsworthy has written all her bad ones for her—there ought to be a flow of perfectly materialized inspiration, of authentic creation, such as no art-form save the lyric in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has ever known.

* * *

Yet there is another side to it. How comes it that the novel which of these three has attracted most attention by its dazzling dexterity, to which I myself in this article have devoted most space, is somehow the least pleasing? It is impossible for the reader of taste to derive from "The Constant Nymph" the same feeling of æsthetic satisfaction that he receives from "Serena Blandish" or even "Piano Quintet." At first the reason for this is not easy to discover. Obviously "The Constant Nymph" is a more massive book than "Serena Blandish"; and "Piano Quintet" is difficult to read and contains a character escaped from the lunatic asylum of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's fancy, who talks about his "abolished nature" and is possessed by the Lawrencian idealess and gloomy metaphysical system which is nothing but a piece of blotting paper which takes dark patches from its creator's spilt moods but remains blank elsewhere. It occurs to one that perhaps it was unfortunate for "The Constant Nymph" that one happens to read it at the same time as "Piano Quintet" since the special excellence of that novel, its treatment of the musical interests of the characters, is the special weakness of Miss Kennedy's work. We are told that music came first with Lewis Dodd and Sanger's Circus and that "they talked about it as if nobody else had any right to it," but we see hardly any sign of how it conditioned their ways of feeling and thinking. But Mr. Sackville-West shows one by innumerable touches how the Piano Quintet without cease spent and remade themselves through sound.

* * *

There is that perfect analysis of the duty of the interpretative artist in the discussion of Aurelian's playing—"He forces his emotions to fit the music"—and the wrangling about Melchior's vulgarization of the César Franck Quintet, which is by no means irrelevant to the story, for it shapes people, this tremendous duty of simultaneous assertion and self-abnegation, to possess emotions coequal with the emotions of the composer, but to be ready to surrender immediately and utterly their form to the will of that other. There is the description of the exasperation which falls on them all after their successful concert at Berlin, such as is in point of fact as likely as not to fall on interpretative artists after their triumphs instead of the elation one might expect; it is as if they felt aggrieved that though artists should concern themselves only with triumphs in an invisible world the particular part they played in the service of art inevitably brought upon them these vulgar and visible tributes. There is that chapter concerning the Quintet's visit to Der Rosenkavalier at Vienna, in which there is an incidental pleasure for those who have seen Lehmann as the Marschallin in its commemoration of that superb performance, as well as a deeper pleasure in its rendition of the confused ecstasy, full of references to their personal and non-musical affairs, which is caused by this sublime example of a bastard art-form in these practitioners of a purer kind of music. Besides those real observations of how sound shapes the lives of those sensitives who listen to it, even as a note from a violin will cause sand to fall into a pattern, how incomplete seem Miss Kennedy's bald assertions of polygamy and *faroucherie* as consequences of the musical career.

* * *

Now, it may be said that this is a trifle; that compared with the success Miss Kennedy has won in her main duty of the creation of character it is negligible. But indeed it is a very significant trifle. This business of writing about persons engaged in some other art than literature is one of the most difficult of all enterprises one can engage in during practice of the art of fiction. It takes a Goethe to write a "Wilhelm Meister." Writing a novel about ordinary characters is to translate into the terms of one kind of artistic consciousness the doings of persons in a state of normal human consciousness. Writing a novel about artists is to retranslate into the terms of one kind of artistic consciousness the doings of persons who have already translated themselves from a state of normal human consciousness into the terms of another kind of artistic consciousness. It is a task comparable to painting the picture of a figure reflected in a mirror. And like that it can hardly be done save by direct contact between the artist's attention and his subject. The group seen simply, with no distortion from the ordinary due to mirror or art, he may do by reference to the discoveries of others; but he must avoid these special cases, of which there are relatively few models for him to copy, in which guesswork is likely to land him in detectable inaccuracy. Sert will fill a wall as agreeably as may be by recalling how Goya or Tintoretto or Giorgione presented this and that particular aspect of nature. Edith Wharton will produce book after book whose tranquil majesty is based on observations made by Henry James concerning the processes of refined sensoria. Miss Kennedy reveals her inexperience only by presenting one of these special cases such as these more wily practitioners avoid; and thereby betraying that she is one of those artists who work on a substructure of the perceptions of others. There is not one moment of discovery in "The Constant Nymph." Never does one stop, as one does constantly throughout "Serena Blandish" and "Piano Quintet," because the author has helped one in the business of making a map of the universe by saying how this or that point in the landscape looks from their point of vantage. There is really nothing peculiar to Miss Kennedy in the whole book except its general power and competence. For it is based on certain romantic traditions that are the crystallization of the discoveries made by preceding artists; I should be inclined to guess that the particular progenitors of her imagination are Shakespeare and Mr. Galsworthy, for about Teresa there is very much of Cordelia, and the refusal to accept the validity of Florence's claims one suspects to be a consequence of the lesson of the Forsytes. That is to say that "The Constant Nymph" is a masterpiece of decadent art. One hastens, since there are so many fools about, to say that there is no touch of moral derogation about that term decadent. It simply expresses its position in artistic time; a lovely hour which shall have no successor. For when an artist makes no discoveries, adds nothing to the stuff of tradition, then his art, so far as he is concerned, is on the way towards decay, and he must be termed decadent.

* * *

Now, this is no reason why we should not appreciate "The Constant Nymph"; but there are very forceful reasons why we should not allow our appreciation to overbear our sense of its decadence. For now that the technique of novel-writing is so widely and so guilefully practised this particular kind of novel will be more and more often and more and more successfully achieved. It will be a pity if its essence is not recognized; if readers do not perceive that though it offers them harmony and suavity other books that lack these qualities may yet have the superior claim of being a part of living art. There is a chapter in "Piano Quintet" which it is relevant to consider. There Mr. Sackville-West makes beautiful use of a Military Tattoo witnessed by Imogen and Aurelian, as a symbol and a setting of their conflict. One is reminded of how Mr. Lawrence also has written of an occasion that is essentially the activity of simple people and made it a symbol of complexities; how the garden-party in "Women in Love" is an image of the diarchy of life and death. It occurs to me that that is really all that art ever is. The movements of human beings throw a changing pattern on the screen of appearances, which to the eyes of certain among those human beings seems every now and then to be assuming the aspect of a hieroglyphic of immense and profound significance. They feel, God knows why, under some necessity of proving their point. The task is of enormous difficulty. The pattern is perpetually changing, it is by no means certain that the hieroglyphic is there at all, the means of proving it humiliatingly limited by our human imperfections. What a business! It is preposterous to demand that it should be done above all things harmoniously and suavely. Miss Kennedy, who is touching up other people's hieroglyphics, can achieve those virtues; but one must excuse Mr. Sackville-West if at times he becomes as unintelligible and dislocated as he does in his description of Melchior.

* * *

Even more preposterous is it to demand that art should always give that feeling of comfort, of mental movement along a well-fitting, well-oiled groove, which is the special gift of "The Constant Nymph." For since the hieroglyphic seen by the discovering type of artist must be new to his audience it must give them the feeling which is the reverse of the pleasure of recognition; the displeasure, which is often tinged with panic, of initiation. This may be aroused even by the artist who achieves harmony and suavity. "Serena Blandish" is exquisitely written. You are not permitted to know the early name of "A Lady of Quality" but when you have read her book you will know that in the spiritual world Voltaire has encountered a daughter of Fagonard, and that they have endowed their child without niggardliness. Yet, since its hieroglyphic is a startling revision of romantic tradition so far as it touches on the relationship of the sexes, it cannot be read with the calm that accompanies our reading of the classics, whose hieroglyphics are all accepted by and familiar to the common mind. But if you insist on your contemporary literature exhaling a classical calm you are certainly depriving the future of its classics, for you are crowning a condition that is to be found only in decadent art, which, like "The Constant Nymph," draws on, without replenishing, tradition.

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Another Wellsian Comedy

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER. By H. G. WELLS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

"CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER" confronts us once more with the interesting paradox of the man and author H. G. Wells! Prides himself on being primarily scientist, not artist. Thinks himself a pursuer of truth through reason. Affects a manner cool, breezy, detached, smiling. Distrusts romance, avoids the happy ending; exalts change and progress and experiment; chuckles at sentiment, adores "ideas": admits cheerfully that he is a writer of tracts and treatises rather than a story-teller. And all the time, beneath his cool and chipper exterior, he remains a wistful seeker of romantic happiness. His head tells him there is no satisfaction to be had on the old romantic terms of love between man and woman. His heart turns anxiously towards the possible ecstasy of a general and sexless love between human and human, but never quite finds its account there; always it drags a chain, clings to the longing for a happiness intimate and personal and, within its bounds, complete.

Even his purest bit of story-telling ends on a note of gentle quandary. Mr. Polly really finds, in his Fat Woman, a perfect and passionless content. He is safe from his dyspeptic and overmarried past, and asks for nothing but the continuance of his present quiet lot. Still, he doesn't see "what it is all up to," why he was put into the world, and what he was expected to do there. "There's something," he concludes, "that doesn't mind us. It isn't what we try to get that we get, it isn't the good we think we do is good. What makes us happy isn't our trying, what makes others happy isn't our trying. There's a sort of character people like and stand up for, and a sort they won't. You got to work it out and take the consequences."

Mr. Polly is pure individualist, he isn't bothered by the good of the many or the spirit of the race—those lovely phantoms which haunt all of Mr. Wells's later fiction. "Christina Alberta's Father" comes as near "Mr. Polly" in pure human interest as anything of Wells's. Christina Alberta herself is a sworn individualist in the modern manner but she carries a heavy cargo of ideas. She is a love-child, which is to say the offspring of a rather casual sex-affair between two very young people. Her mother has married a good little man in time to pass off the child as his, and has thereafter been a martinet of virtue. The husband, Christina Alberta's beloved "Daddy," is a decent, pathetic little chap, always under the thumb of his managing wife. His sense of release, on her death, is too much for his weak noddle; and with the aid of some spiritist flummery, he suddenly believes himself to be the reincarnate Sargon, ruler of the lost Atlantis, King of Kings. The unsympathetic machinery of modern society, set going by a designing relative, claps him into Bedlam. He is later rescued by kind young Bobby, only to die of pneumonia. To put it bluntly, there is nothing for Mr. Wells to do but to kill off Daddy. Before he passes, to be sure, he envisions and formulates the moral of the piece: that he is indeed Sargon, but that so are the rest of us, joint heirs of that monarch's virtues and powers. Therefore it is up to us all to act like kings, to do kingly things. And this *means*, not ordering each other about, but study and work, finding out our particular gifts and how we may best give them to our kingdom. So here we are, through the parable of Sargon, on the familiar Wellsian ground of a scientific humanitarianism.

But Christina Albert is not humanitarian, she is the fierce young modern individualist. Kind young Bobby loves her devotedly, and she loves him as far as her nature permits. But she will not marry. She is not a virgin, she attaches no importance to virginity; and she purposes to keep Bobby as a lover though she will not tie herself to him as a husband. She is not remarkably beautiful, or notably brilliant, or even sure of what work she desires. She is an individual, a will, a type of the girl-rebel of our period. Her creed is simple and she recites it frankly:

> I want to be myself and nothing else. I want the world—for myself. I want to be a goddess in the world. It does not matter that I am an ugly girl with bad manners. It doesn't matter that it is impossible. That is what I want. That is what I am made to want. One may get moments anyhow....I don't believe anyone has ever believed religion from the beginning. Buddhism, Sargonism, this burlesque religion you invent to make an evening's talk, they are all consolations and patchings-up—bandages and wooden legs....I don't want to serve anything or anybody.

Such is Christina, hard-boiled modern young female: not easier to accept as a person than Mr. Wells's other young females, from Ann Veronica onward. For these are all primarily types moulded in Mr. Wells's own image, mouthpieces of the Wellsian ideas. There is not a breathing woman among them, they are not really feminine, but pseudo-masculine or hermaparoditic. Something always gives them away, like Christina Alberta's alleged reaction to the discovery that Doctor Devizes is her real father. She is supposed to be very fond of the absurd little "Daddy" who has been so good to her all her life. But he is "queer," and she has been afraid of inheriting his queerness, and her one strong feeling now is relief and exultation that she need fear this no longer... It is not a question of whether we approve or disapprove of Christina Alberta. It is a question of whether we believe or disbelieve in her; and this item, as well as her treatment of her devoted (and slightly fatuous) Bobby, seems to me patently false to everything else we are asked to think of Christina Alberta. It does for her, so far as our personal interest in her is concerned.

Unicorn drawn by E. R. Weiss

From the jacket of "The Island of the Great Mother," by Gerhart Hauptmann (B. W. Huebsch—Viking Press)

Contrasted with this customary mechanical heroine appears, as always, the appealing hero, the perennial Mr. Polly, the wistful ineffective male. He has two embodiments in this narrative—in Christina Alberta's "Daddy," and in her lover Bobby—both soft, affectionate, giving creatures where she is hard, possessive, selfish, ruthless. Daddy dies happy in the middle of a new dream. Bobby lives on to find his kind of happiness in disinterested love and service. Christina Alberta's real father is hardly in the main picture: a casual First Cause, but otherwise more spectator and commentator than participant in this characteristic Wellsian comedy of ideas.

A Quaint People

THE GLASS WINDOW. By LUCY FURMAN Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

MISS FURMAN'S earlier novel "The Quare Women" was an account of the founding of the settlement school at Hindman in Knott County, Kentucky. "The Glass Window" has the same setting, many of the same characters, the same appealing studies of the mountaineers, our "contemporary ancestors" with their heritage from the England of Chaucer and Shakespeare. It has, in addition, a more definitely formulated plot which fortunately does not detract from the simple charm of the actual narrative. The book does not need the two love stories to engage one's interest. There is enough drama, humor, tragedy, and pathos, in the lives of these mountain people to make most contrived situations seem a little pallid. Still one would hate to miss the climax of one of these romances, when the young surgeon from the Blue Grass "cyarves" Florindy's appendix with five rifles trained on him ready to take a life for a life. It is a scene to hold one's imagination long after its happy ending.

"The Glass Window" is a story that anyone can read with interest and enjoyment. But for the reader who cares for vivid characterization, for *genre* pictures of a quaint, sturdy, fast vanishing people, it holds a keen delight.

Mr. Garnett Advances

THE SAILOR'S RETURN. By DAVID GARNETT. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

"THE SAILOR'S RETURN" treats of nothing so fantastic as a woman becoming an animal or a man pretending to become one; but of a sailor who returned to England in the Fifties with a negro princess. As in the Fifties a black princess in England and a Manchu princess in America must have been regarded much the same, the situation at the outset resembles that in Hergesheimer's "Java Head". But the resemblance instantly dies: "The Sailor's Return" is worked out with ironic implications and with sober tragedy far removed from the color and melodrama of "Java Head." Once more Mr. Garnett begins his story with bizarrerie, and once more he employs imaginative realism to sustain it; but this time the whole story is more immediately bound up with life. Both "Lady into Fox" and "A Man in the Zoo" are fantastic stories quite sufficient in themselves; their artistry is sound whether we regard them as fantasies and nothing further, or as fantasies which are symbolic into the bargain. "The Sailor's Return" is not a fantasy at all; and though, because it is so good, one could enjoy it simply as a story, a discriminating reader must see that it possesses quite integrally other qualities that cannot be ignored.

In the tale William Targett returns to England with his black wife Tulip and their little boy. He abandons the sea to buy, with Tulip's money, a public-house in a Dorset village. To the villagers the woman is black—neither her personal qualities nor her royal birth counts. But between William and the boy she remains fairly happy; and with William to protect her, the villagers can do no more than have the child baptized, the couple remarried as Christians, and poor Tulip ostracized. But within a year William is killed in a fight and Tulip, fearing her boy will be taken from her, flees to Southampton with the hope of reaching Africa. The best she can do is send the boy back there; and utterly alone, she becomes the drudge in the same tavern her own money once had bought.

It would be stupid and unbalanced criticism not to judge—or praise—"The Sailor's Return" as, above all else, a story. The longest story Mr. Garnett has written, it moves from event to event not so much with the tightening of a novel as with the orderly freedom of a tale. It has not quite the unity, but it has the movement of "Lady into Fox". It has, as "A Man in the Zoo" did not have, the all-round excellence of "Lady into Fox". Mr. Garnett's old method of using one exceptional event as the starting-point for a story always realistic thereafter, is once more admirably employed. Everything in "The Sailor's Return" is credible and nearly everything is real. It is not even a *tour de force* like "Lady into Fox," for it has little that one must swallow whole—nothing but that a white man married a black woman, and that he continued to love her; and these go down easily. The book is written with brilliance; out of the old-fashioned style of "Lady into Fox" Mr. Garnett has built a more modern style retaining part of the old flavor, but not too much, and uniquely his own. Being fashioned from the style of men who divorced prose completely from poetry and implanted in it really prosaic qualities—directness, suitableness, denotative accuracy—it forms, like theirs, a perfect vehicle for irony.

And what irony is imbedded in part of this easy-going tale! Not in the early part, which is

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full of genial light humor; hardly in the middle part, which is touched instead by satire—of English customs and arbitrary human notions; but in the last part. I am thinking in particular of the very end which tells so simply and movingly of Tulip's fate. It is full of pathos, for it is genuinely sad and the reader is genuinely moved; but it achieves more than pathos. The ways of the Dorset villagers and the fate of the stupid negress suddenly and heartlessly become the ways and the fate of humanity. The last quiet page of "The Sailor's Return"—revealing beneath its matter-of-factness a bitter picture of human nature and human ignorance and human selfishness—equals the Swift from whom in method it derives.

This time one can feel certain there is more to the story than meets the eye. This time one knows there is more—because it comes to one, not in the secondary meaning of a fable, but in those intellectual and emotional recognitions which expand a simple tale into a commentary on life. Hence David Garnett has gone swimming in deeper waters; but with the same clean strokes and the same unerring movement.

Middle-Class Life

RUNAWAY. By FLOYD DELL. New York: George H. Doran. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

"MIDDLE class life in America is dull enough in reality without having to endure it in books, too!" So Mr. Floyd Dell, with his tongue thrust in his cheek, makes one of his characters say. "Runaway", though it deals with American middle-class life, seldom lapses into anything like dulness. It is subtle, stimulating, and well-wrought, saving some small inconsistencies in characterization a most satisfactory and mature piece of craft. The story is simple and thin, hinging upon the relationship between a prodigal father and his daughter. Michael Shenstone, the scapegrace of Beaumont (the stock town of modern American fiction), has deserted his wife during his daughter's childhood. After a life of vagabondage in the Orient he returns to its antagonistic society. His wife is dead, and Amber, his daughter, grown up into a young woman with a will and ideas of her own. The rest is a study of dissimilarity in similarity between this picturesque pair. Shenstone, in his own despite, wins back the good graces of the community. Amber marries and goes to Europe with her lawyer husband (an inhibited poet who collects Japanese prints), and Shenstone settles down in his old quarters as a respected member of the local society. The theme of Mr. Dell's tale is taken from Kubla Khan:

> For he on honey dew hath fed
> And drunk the milk of Paradise . . .

Once more the longing for the "romantic" life has been articulated by an American novelist, not in the old, muted tones of Mr. Cabell or Mr. Sinclair Lewis, but with a crisper sound in a clearer atmosphere. Shenstone's desire to see what Marco Polo saw is no mere Babbitt-desire for shaded lights and forbidden fruit. There is nothing makeshift about his attitude towards life. Nor, on the other hand, is he a Jurgen, trifling with fantasy and the shadows of old myths. He takes the world as a hobo takes his train, leaping spontaneously, once the first cords of responsibility have been cut, into the moving world. He has self-knowledge but no regrets; there is no hint of humbug in his composition. So in the end, like Candide, he is content to stay at home and cultivate his garden. Mr. Dell sketches him sympathetically without losing touch with that part of the romantic spirit which is sheer naked realism.

Romance, as he portrays it in "Runaway", is not the circumference of a circle of which sex is the centre. All things make the centre. Sex, in fact, plays a very minor tune in the book which is therefore all the more refreshing and original as compared with the cruder "romantic" conceptions of so many contemporary novelists. Shenstone is a real as well as a romantic figure. The same may be said of the minor characters who are drawn with equal zeal and skill. Mr. Dell needs a larger and less familiar canvas before he will be able to do full justice to his gift. In the meantime he has made the most of a slender theme. "Runaway" foreshadows better things to come.

The Irish Mind

MY TOWER IN DESMOND. By S. R. LYSAGHT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925 $2.00.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT IS too soon (judging by what has appeared) for a history of the Irish Revolution, and at the moment more truth is likely to come through in fiction and in essays that in alleged history, which usually proves to be propaganda. Mr. Lysaght, like the hero of his novel, is an Irish gentleman, and it is a fair assumption that he too has been slowly won to nationalism without losing his sense of proportion. In other words, he is devotedly Irish and yet neither provincial nor zealotic in his attitude, and therefore a good man to record his troubled period.

"My Tower in Desmond" is, in effect, a chronicle. Its movement is too slow for fiction, and its characters are done in the fashion of biography rather than with the selectiveness of a novel, but as chronicle it has the merits of background, emotion, personality, the very elements which history so inevitably omits. His Brian Barry is a true picture of the practical Irish idealist illumined with a desire for an Irish native civilizaton that will be something more than independence; his Trenta, the magnificent, is a type of the restless women who threw themselves into rebellion for the emotion they could get out of it; his hero, Nicholas Quinn, comes nearer the slowly changing mind of Ireland than any political study I have seen. Indeed, regarded as a political study, the book has high qualities that must be denied it as romantic narrative, for there is not a type of the many involved in the so-called Irish situation (except the Ulsterman) that does not come into the English or the Irish chapters of this story. It is easier to understand Ireland after reading this book, and how few Americans, how few Irish-Americans, understand contemporary Ireland!

The story is just biography, widely unfolded, of two devoted cousins, one passionately republican, the other slowly convinced in nationalism, their loves, their adventures, their fates. Its introduction is the country life of an Ireland now merely historic; its narrative covers the last three decades; its climax is the Easter rebellion. I do not mean that this story, with its complex of love affairs, war adventures, and attempts to save an old family from financial wreck is without interest. It is leisurely narrative fully documented with humanity. But it is as a study of the Irish mind that Mr. Lysaght must have conceived of his story, and this will be its interest and its essential value. More brilliant narrative than this is coming out of Ireland, but very little history, very few memoirs that one can trust.

But About Mr. Belloc

MR. PETRE: A NOVEL. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Illustrated by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1925. $2.50 net.

Reviewed by ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

THE most significant thing about this wild yarn, I think a shrewd critic (of Mr. Belloc) would say, is the dedication, which is: "*To All Poor Gentlemen.*" Mr. Petre—it seems to him that that must be his name,—a well set-up man in late middle-age, uncertain of his nationality, undoubtedly educated somewhere, gets chucked out of a railway train into the heart of London, in the year 1953, with sixty-three pounds in English notes in his pocket; without comprehending in the least what any of it is about, by being thrust into speculations in the money market, under the popular misconception that he is the great American financier "John K." Petre, in meteoric fashion he becomes a Colossos of wealth and has all England a lickspittle at his feet. He, a stuffed shirt!

Embedded in the story, the gist of Mr. Belloc's argument is this:

> Of old friends, of the ties which alone make human life endurable after forty—let alone at his age—he had none. He was wrecked and spiritually ruined; imprisoned, starved, exiled, damned. In the place of such good, human, necessary things as support a man with the savor of his youth and manhood—his old books and friends, and loves and worship, and air and powers of home—he was associating with what every nerve in him, every nerve inherited from the lost youth and middle-age of a better world, was exasperated against, and rejected as vile.

Right enough, as far as poor Mr. Petre was concerned, who had suffered the loss of his identity. But about Mr. Belloc! Now he would have us believe that this scorn of everything going today, which has come to possess him, is a noble scorn. But for some little time one has had the suspicion that this rage of his is rather an ignoble rage—that it is as "a poor gentleman" that he turns his spleen upon a world which has left him a disgruntled man. He, who knows everything—except how to be happy! And happiness, he declares again and again, "is the end of man."

Nobody who has looked about him expects much of the world; but one does have a right to expect something of Mr. Belloc: that he rise above, instead of being thrown by, wickedness and folly. Hasn't he all of the "good, human, necessary" things which Mr. Petre had not? Then, there is his religion, concerning which he is never done. To make quite bold, there seems to be something very much wrong with it. Is religion with him purely a technical matter? One is reminded of Mr. Brownell's comment on Mr. James's culture: that it conspicuously lacked precisely those things which it is eminently the province of culture to supply.

Though (where once these things were so robust) song, and tenderness, and hope have gone from Mr. Belloc's mirth you may still enjoy in "Mr. Petre" the hard, metallic finish of his surly irony. It did not occur to Mrs. Malton, scrubwoman, that virtue could be rewarded in this world; "for in her station of life reward is unknown, as is in higher stations virtue." A box of steel was carried from the Bank; "the printed securities it contained were handed out with the reverent care which a superstitious age might have shown to the body of a saint." Sir William Bland, Great Specialist in medicine, "had a round, kind face, in which only the eyes were insincere."

The drawings by the eminent English illustrator, G. K. Chesterton, though not quite so good as the work by which years ago (in Mr. Belloc's hilarious tale "The Green Overcoat") he established his enviable reputation as a humorous draughtsman, would alone rank him as indisputably among the artists, and again we note how astonishingly he is in effect English, as English as Charles Keene, du Maurier, Phil May.

The National Library Bill of Scotland has become a law and Scottish people now possess a national library, the third finest in Great Britain. The British Museum and the Bodleian Library at Oxford alone surpass it. The library contains 750,000 books, not including manuscripts, maps, and music. This priceless collection was owned by the Faculty of Advocates, who, in 1922, offered the library as a free gift to the nation. The Scotland Library Endowment Trust was set up and donations invited. This famous library was founded in the time of Charles II, and as the faculty has taken a leading part in the life of the nation, the one has grown with the other. An act of Queen Anne's time gave the library the right to claim a copy of every book entered at Stationer's Hall. The library is a mine of wealth to the historian. It contains the charters of the Scottish kings, and other historical material concerning the Scottish people of priceless value.

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HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET ..... *Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*

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Rooseveltian Days

RELEASED FOR PUBLICATION. By Oscar King Davis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by Royal J. Davis

WHAT did the Kaiser say to William Bayard Hale in the famous but unpublished interview which Hale got for the *New York Times* in 1908? A summary of the indiscreet and highly imaginative outburst, contained in a letter from Hale, is given in this volume of a Washington correspondent's recollections. Part of the letter ran as follows:

> ...The Emperor talked to me eagerly for nearly two hours. He is exceedingly bitter against England and full of the yellow peril idea...To his positive knowledge Japan is fomenting insurrection in India. It will break out in about six months. The solution of the Eastern question is about to be made by Germany and the United States. It has been agreed between himself and Mr. Roosevelt to divide the East against itself by becoming the recognized friends of China. In a few months a high Chinese official will visit the United States and Germany and the terms will be made known.

In a letter written a few days later Hale said that the German Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs confirmed what the Kaiser had said with regard to the arrangements progressing between him and Roosevelt concerning China. "Tang-Shao-yi," said the Under-Secretary, "the Chinaman now on his way to Washington, is really on that mission."

When O. K. Davis, on behalf of the *Times*, laid these letters before President Roosevelt, then rounding out his "perfectly bully time" in the White House, Roosevelt made characteristically vigorous comments, which included these statements:

> This is the funniest thing I have ever known. That Jack of an Emperor talks just as if what he happens to want is already an accomplished fact. He has been at me for over a year to make this kind of an agreement about China, but every time I have replied "That means a treaty, to which the Senate must consent."...This is the first time I have ever heard the name of Tang-Shao-yi. For at least nine months he—that Jack—has been telling me that a distinguished Chinese official was "on his way" to this country and Germany to settle affairs, but he has never come...But the policy, as I have always told the Emperor, is ours. It has been our policy for seven or eight years, ever since Hay first enunciated it.

Mr. Davis's book has as sub-title: "Some Inside Political History of Theodore Roosevelt and His Times." In the main, however, his story, while interesting enough, is not new. He leans to the Roosevelt side in most matters, as might be expected of a man who was secretary of the Progressive National Committee in the campaign of 1912, but he is not a blind devotee. Speaking of President Taft's desperate exclamation in the primary fight with Roosevelt, "Even a rat will fight when cornered!" Mr. Davis observes repentantly: "I look back now with amazement on the readiness with which, after that, we rang the changes on that unhappy sentence, and almost daily quoted the President's description of himself as a cornered rat."

* * *

On one point relating to the break between Taft and Roosevelt, Mr. Davis might have been a bit fairer. He alludes to a conversation in which "Roosevelt understood that he had the distinct assurance" that his successor would retain James R. Garfield as Secretary of the Interior and appoint William Loeb, jr., Roosevelt's secretary, to the head of the Department of the Navy. There are different versions of this conversation. According to the late H. H. Kohlsaat, the two men in whom Roosevelt was interested were Garfield and Oscar Straus. In his book, "From McKinley to Harding," Kohlsaat says that he put the point directly to President Taft, who replied: "But I didn't promise to appoint them! I don't know where you get your information, but you are entirely wrong!" Kohlsaat had got his information from Roosevelt himself just twenty-four hours previously. It is quite evident that the two men had misunderstood each other.

For a newspaper to prevent the resignation of a public man by announcing his intention to resign is as rare as it is paradoxical. Mr. Davis says that when the Taft Administration was about half over Senator Borah informed him that Secretary of State Knox was so deeply dissatisfied with the subordinate position to which he had been relegated politically that he had determined to resign. It would be impossible to conceal the reason for this step, which might end Knox's career as well as have unfortunate consequences for his party. Republican leaders were greatly disturbed.

"I can stop his resignation," said Davis. "How?" asked Borah. "By printing the story just as you have told it," replied the correspondent, who went on to explain that no man could afford to leave the Cabinet for such a reason and that accordingly the story if printed would be promptly denied by everybody concerned. "You and Crane will deny it," he wound up, "and I shall be left without a leg to stand on. But Knox will stay in the Cabinet." Davis's paper was willing to do its part in the affair and the incident turned out as he had prophesied.

* * *

Some of the most interesting chapters in the book have to do with the seamy side of the Progressive campaign, ranging from George Henry Payne's incessant hiring of bands at Chicago in 1912, with resulting bills amounting to $10,000 which Perkins refused to pay, to difficulties with the party's temperamental candidate for Vice President, Hiram Johnson. Perkins had to pay the bills for the bands, after all, because when the Progressives went back to Chicago a few weeks after the Republican gathering for their own convention, the band leaders informed the Progressive treasurer that unless the bills were paid there would be no music nor would any other labor be performed in the convention hall. Mr. Perkins capitulated.

When Governor Johnson, as he was then, appeared with Roosevelt on the platform before the enthusiastic Progressives following their nomination for President and Vice President, Roosevelt exclaimed: "The Progressive party has nominated for the Vice Presidency a man fit at the moment to be President of the United States." Almost immediately, however, there were troubles over Johnson's campaign itinerary, some of them due to bungling at the Chicago headquarters, some of them due to the candidate's insistence upon doing things in his own way. The climax of this situation was reached about three weeks before the election when Roosevelt's voice utterly broke down shortly after a speech on the lake front in Chicago. Johnson was in Pittsburgh. He was asked to take Roosevelt's place at Waterloo, Iowa, but replied that he could not change his schedule as he had to get back to California. Roosevelt was due in Milwaukee the next evening and felt especially bound to keep the appointment at the chief city in La Follette's state because Johnson had disappointed the Progressives there some weeks before.

* * *

It was just after he had entered the automobile in Milwaukee to go to the auditorium that Mr. Roosevelt was shot. Of this occurrence Mr. Davis gives a detailed and vivid account illustrated by a facsimile of one of the bullet-pierced pages of the thick manuscript of the Colonel's speech which was in his pocket and which possibly saved his life.

The Progressives went the usual way of third parties—a way aptly characterized by the late Senator Morgan of Alabama in an interview which Mr. Davis had with him as "a travesty upon the political ingenuity of their inventors." Mr. Davis says flatly that Roosevelt "never had the slightest intention of taking another third-party nomination." This fact was finally made plain to his disillusioned followers. Meanwhile the Progressives who had been elected to Congress had muffed their opportunity in a manner which Mr. Davis depicts with grim candor. The latter half of his book, in fact, is virtually a sketch of the Progressive movement.

Half reminiscence, half history, this volume has the interest and the value that naturally attach to records of our own time made by those who have been close to the chief actors in the scenes presented. In addition, it has the journalistic merits of graphic and steady progress and in some measure that crowning virtue of memoirs—good anecdotes.

A Glorious Adventurer

CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES. By Andrew Kippis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925.

Reviewed by William McFee

Author of "Casuals of the Sea"

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, of the Royal Navy and a Fellow of the Royal Society, was born in 1728 at the village of Morton, Durham, near Stockton-on-Tees, the son of what would be called in this country a hired man. His schooling was naturally of an elementary nature, and like many other celebrated Englishmen he started life as a dry-goods apprentice, or haberdasher. Anything less agreeable to the inclinations of an adventurous and keen-witted youth could not be imagined, but there is something to be said for the theory that such a calling is the means of provoking a boy, by the dreary outlook it presents to him, to revolt and seek a more natural way of life.

This was the case with Cook. He ran away to sea on a ship owned by a Whitby Quaker, John Walker, and named, strangely enough, the *Freelove*, engaged in carrying coals to London River. Seven years as a sailor completed his apprenticeship, and having no trade-union to reveal to him the error of his ways, the young man remained with his employers until he was twenty-seven years old, when war was declared between France and England. Merchant seamen were immediately pressed into service.

* * *

It is a singular feature of the life of Captain Cook that he discovered his chance to rise in life in what the majority of seamen regarded as a dire misfortune. The press-gang was a by-word. The cruelties and barbarous discipline of the Navy caused men to strain their energy and ingenuity to the utmost to avoid that service. Yet Cook, though he concealed himself at first, had the sagacity to perceive that a volunteer stood a far better chance from the outset than a drafted man. He entered the Navy at Wapping, on board the *Eagle*, sixty guns, Captain Hamer, and in a short time was known to all the officers of that ship as an able, willing, and dependable seaman. Four years later he was appointed by warrant rank master of the sloop *Mercury* and proceeded to the North American station, where he took part in General Wolfe's operations which culminated in the capture of Quebec. Mr. Cook had begun his career as a naval officer and was already known in the service as a gentleman of unusual ability. But with the exception of a letter from his Member of Parliament, probably inspired by his father's employer, he seems to have had no patronage, and his promotion in every case was due to his own outstanding aptitude for the art of navigation.

* * *

In 1762 he came home and was married at Barking to Elizabeth Batts. They lived for some time at a house in Jubilee Street, not far from Stepney Green. Mr. Cook, however, spent very little of his whole life on shore. He must have been very inadequately acquainted with his own children. Indeed although our biographer omits to draw attention to the matter, it is probable that one or more of those who died were never beheld by their father at all, so extensive were his voyages to unknown regions This of course, was the unavoidable penalty which such a career imposes upon those who adopt it. After his unfortunate death at the hands of the savages of the Hawaiian Islands, a pension of two hundred pounds per annum was bestowed by special order of the King upon Mrs. Cook, together with a grant of twenty-five pounds per annum to each of the three surviving sons.

It is very difficult for us today, with our modern maps so exactly defining the limits of land and sea, to comprehend the darkness lying over the Southern Ocean before Captain James Cook made his three memorable voyages on behalf of the Royal Society and the Admiralty. Not only had Cook to locate accurately islands and coasts already discovered, but it was necessary to report that in many cases reported previously "discoveries" were imaginary, being ice fields of enormous extent or

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mere optical illusions. Kipling evidently had one of Cook's voyages in his mind when he wrote:

> Beyond all outer charting
> We sailed where none have sailed,
> And saw the land-lights burning
> On islands none have hailed;
> Our hair stood up for wonder,
> But when the night was done,
> There danced the deep to windward
> Blue-empty 'neath the sun!

But more than anything else Cook had to dispel for good and all the notion that there was an immense southern continent in the South Seas. This he did to the satisfaction of his generation. It evidently never occurred to Cook, who surveyed what is now known as Queensland and New South Wales, that those regions formed part of a very extensive continent. Nor does Andrew Kipple, a contemporary and survivor of Cook, ever allude to this part of the world save in a vague and transitory fashion.

This volume of biography comes to us out of the Eighteenth Century and brings with it a most characteristic impression of orderly and humane curiosity. Cook occupies a singular and enviable position between Esquemeling and Gauguin, between the buccaneer and the artist. Cook was a navigator of extraordinary ability. He had that uncanny habit of being right, and of being right on the spot, which is the despair of the industrious and well-meaning incompetent the world over. But he was more than that. He was a true pioneer. Without being bigoted on the subject, it seemed to him that the civilization which had changed wood-stained British savages into men like himself and his brother officers might be of service to the ocher-smeared savages of Oceanica. He was wrong, as the Eighteenth Century was wrong in many matters. Our western ideals and religions have resulted in the almost complete destruction of the Australasian aborigines. Cook saw the dangers and endeavored to mitigate them as far as lay in his power. The difficulty he encountered is eternal. It is that the men who have the spirit of adventure are rarely of a saint-like nature. It is the difficulty of devising silk purses out of sows' ears. It is to Cook's everlasting honor that he inspired in all men who came in contact with him whether admirals at home or puerile cannibals in Polynesia, a confidence in his integrity, a faith in his character, which is unfortunately all too rare. The trivial misunderstanding which resulted in his death in Hawaii is a tragic illustration of the heavy price we often have to pay for the advancement of science.

Written in the majestic diction of the period this book is a notable addition to Alfred Knopf's Blue-Jade Library. It is, as already mentioned, a work of historical and philosophical interest. It contains neither the orgies and holocausts of the piratical period nor "the magic suggestiveness" to use Conrad's fine phrase, of Mr. O'Brien's "White Shadows in the South Seas." It is a worthy monument to one of the most remarkable men of his time, who carried the glory of his nation to the uttermost parts of the sea.

Capek's England

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND. By KAREL CAPEK. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $2.

THERE is more of England, as the outlander sees England, in this unpretentious little book than in a dozen guidebooks, more cogent observations upon England than in any recent book except perhaps Santayana's "Soliloquies in England." But this is neither a guidebook nor a philosophic analysis. It is just what its title indicates, a collection of letters, naively illustrated by the author, witty, ironic, penetrating—quite the best book on England to read if you have just come from there. England for Capek is a great lumbering eccentric, whom continentals from little countries must admire and occasionally laugh at. The admiration is an undercurrent in this book, laughter and affection and irony make most of the letters—"Hyde Park", for example, where on the famous corner he listens to priests, communists, fanatics, revivalists, and finally.—

> Then there was an old fellow standing there who held a long cross and on it a banner with the inscription "Thy Lord Calleth thee"; he was saying something in a weak and husky voice, but nobody was listening to him. So I, a lost foreigner, came to a standstill and supplied him with an audience of one. Then I wanted to go my way, for it was already night; but I was stopped by a man in a nervous state, but I do not know what he said to me; I told him that I was a stranger, that London was a terrible affair, but that I was fond of the English; that I had already been about the world a little, but that few things pleased me so much as the orators in Hyde Park. Before I had told him all this twenty people were standing round and quietly listening; I might have endeavoured to found a new church, but no sufficiently indubitable article of faith occurred to me, and besides I do not know English well enough, so I cleared off.
>
> Behind the railings in Hyde Park the sheep were grazing; and when I looked at them, one, evidently the oldest, stood up and began to bleat; so I listened to its sheepish preaching, and not until it had had its say did I go home, contented and purified as if after divine service. I might make this a starting point for admirable reflections on democracy, the English character, the need for faith and other things; but I would rather leave the whole occurrence to natural beauty.

This is the kind of book that can be reviewed only by quoting, and much more quoting than there is space for here. It has charm, and charm cannot be analyzed, and wit, which cannot be described. It is difficult to believe that the author of "R.U.R." has so much cream in him. Voltaire wrote such reflections upon the English after his sojourn in the early eighteenth century. If Capek is less critical, he is quite as instructive and more amusing.

A Delightful Lunatic

LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER, of Newburyport, Mass. By J. P. MARQUAND. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by MEADE MINNIGERODE

Author of "Lives and Times"

HE WAS born in 1747, to be "one grat man", this Lord Timothy Dexter—tanner, merchant, financier, gentleman, philanthropist, jackanapes, philosopher, and author of "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones" in which all the punctuation marks were printed at the back so that readers might "pepper and salt it as they please"—this Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, whom Mr. Marquand has brought down to earth for a moment from his place among the stars. One "grat" man; "first in the East, first in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the western world". He said so himself. Of obscure origin, uneducated, apprentice to a tanner in his youth, he came to Newburyport, "a place all Noue to Me", in 1769. In 1770 he married a widow with four children who, according to Mr. Marquand, remained henceforth "probably his startled, and certainly his careworn consort". After the Revolution, having courageously speculated in depreciated Continental script, he found himself suddenly possessed of a fortune. He bought the finest house in Newburyport and established himself overnight as a gentleman—to the great annoyance of Newburyport. He purchased ships and sent them forth on fantastic errands to the West Indies, loaded, in part, with cats, mittens, and warming pans. But he knew what he was doing, as Mr. Morrison has pointed out in the "Maritime History of Massachusetts". The cats were sold to catch mice in the warehouses; the warming pans were just the thing for syrop ladles; the mittens were taken to Russia by a vessel filling up for her return voyage. He was, as he observed, "Very luckky in spekkelation".

Always a hearty and noisy drunkard, he turned author and philosopher. Annoyed by the hostility of Newburyport, he went away to Chester, in New Hampshire, and came back "Lord Timothy Dexter, King of Chester." People there, even the boys in the street, had insisted on calling him that, and there was nothing which Timothy Dexter was not prepared to take seriously. "Ime the first Lord in the younited States of Amercay", he announced. "It is the voice of the people and I can't help it and so let it go". And so it does go, more and more fantastically; an extraordinary Palace and Museum; an elegant new Tomb in his garden with one hundred and fifty-eight squares of glass, and a fine green and white coffin with "nobel trimmings", and a mock funeral—until his death in 1806.

It is the story—uproarious, incredible, and always monumentally pathetic—of a simple creature who tried desperately to have a good time and share it with others, to become a friendly part of a community which would only bedevil him, to fit himself and his fortune into a society for which he was no more suited than the man in the moon. A supremely lonely gentleman as one sees him between the lines of Mr. Marquand's rollicking chronicle in which the cheerful eccentric cavorts so amiably, with his lion, and his coach, and his statues, against a background of old New England ships and mansions. An exceedingly pleasant book concerning a delightful lunatic. There must be others like him in the early American scene—no, never quite like him—to write about. The story, told with gusto and sympathetic merriment, of an ingratiating maniac who always knew exactly what he was doing, and did it in the grandest possible manner.

The Military Airplane

WINGED DEFENSE. By COLONEL WILLIAM MITCHELL. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925.

Reviewed by EDWARD P. WARNER

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

A REVIEW of a book by William Mitchell needs no preliminary explanation of the author and his subject. Here, if ever, the bromidically familiar formula, "Our speaker to-night is one who needs no introduction," would be justified. Everything that he says and does is news, and he has but one subject. In "Winged Defense," based on the series of magazine articles which were instrumental in their author's removal from the pleasant purlieus of Washington to the plains of Texas and in the accompanying replacement of the golden star on the collar of his uniform by a silver eagle, he goes on from where he left off in his first book, published shortly after the war.

The present-day military airplane, as it has so far demonstrated itself in actual warfare and as it enters into the majority of present war plans, is a weapon stronger in offense than in defense, and it is fitting that the foremost living exponent of the absolute supremacy of air power should adhere to the theory that the best defense is a strong attack. Except for some kind words about the submarine, admitted to be very difficult of attack from the air, Colonel Mitchell makes no concessions. Aircraft, he says, can go anywhere at any time. They can devastate any city, sink any ship. Meteorological and topographical obstacles are swept aside with terse assertions that they are of no importance or ignored entirely. Out of the author's complete and unswerving confidence in himself and enthusiasm for his subject there arises a fierce eagerness of style appropriate to one who fears lest damage beyond repair be done before he, the rescuer, can arrive. He makes his claims so sweeping and delivers them with such force that the reader is fairly caught up and carried in his train. It is as an evangelist, rather than as a debater, that he presents his case.

"Winged Defense," like the statements which its distinguished author from time to time issues to the press, is more marked by enthusiasm than by caution. It is intimated in the foreword that one of the major objects in its preparation was to provide "a book to which our people in the services, in the executive departments, and in Congress can refer for data on aviation which is modern and which is the result of actual experience." That being the case, it is unfortunate that misleading and exaggerated statements abound, that records of fact and unproven opinions are inextricably intermingled, that statistics are all too often replaced by superlatives and by such vague expressions as "an incredibly short time" and "a vast amount," and that some of the data provided are so "modern" as to relate to accomplishments still far in the future. The temptation is strong for the reviewer to collect a long list of such dubious claims as that "the airship, or lighter-than-air dirigible, has the greatest cruising radius of any known means of transportation," but to emphasize those flaws alone would be to allow the trees to hide the forest. The real importance of the book lies not in any com-

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pilation of facts and records, but in the accuracy with which it represents the basic creed of a considerable group of officers in the American air services and of similar groups in other countries, —men committed as strongly as Colonel Mitchell himself to the fundamental proposition of the greatness of air power, and following him not only as the leader of their cause but also through devoted admiration for the untiring zeal with which he has pressed that cause and for his personal courage, skilful flying technique, and love of the air.

The place of an air force in preparations for the national defense is still, and is likely long to continue, the subject of argument. The best solution for a given country at a given time is to be evolved from study by experts, and not from the intercession of politicians and lay organizations half instructed by propagandists favoring one extreme or another of policy. What Colonel Mitchell has to say about the desirability of a united air force is his own opinion and that of the faction just mentioned which believes as he does. It is entitled to respectful consideration, but other writers quite as authoritative hold very different views.

When Colonel Mitchell relaxes the argumentative strain and becomes the historian of great events he tells a stirring tale. His description of an air battle over Conflans during the St. Mihiel operation is worth reading several times, but he is at his best when he recounts the story of the bombing of the ex-German ships off the Virginia capes in 1921. That was the greatest triumph of the man who planned the undertaking, directed the execution of the plan, and was "in at the death," circling overhead in his own machine when the ships went down:

> Finally the time came for us to attack the Ostfriesland with the two thousand pound bombs, and Captain Lawson's flight went to sea. . . . Lawson circled his target once to take a look at her and make sure of his wind and his altitude. He then broke his airplanes from their "V" formation into single column and attacked it. Seven airplanes followed one another. Four bombs hit in rapid succession, close alongside the Ostfriesland. We could see her rise eight or ten feet between the terrific blows from under water. On the fourth shot Captain Streett, sitting in the back seat of my plane, stood up and waving both arms shouted: "She is gone!"

Democracy

(*Continued from page 207*)

study of the age of our political degradation. There is more bite to the book than this, and it has an intensity which its not too emotional personal conflicts hardly explain. The new school of heart searchers will give little credit to Henry Adams's cool analyses of passion and humon nature conducted in the terse prose of a historian. They will not perhaps understand the fervor of the novel, which has little to do with its rapidly moving story, and is not dependent upon its vivid satire of the abuses of our grandfathers. Adams loved his country, he was eager to serve, he felt able to lead men and shape policies—but he was not wanted. His knowledge and devotion, like the refinement of Mrs. Lee, might be exploited, but never rewarded by democracy. Democracy wants no leadership better than it is, and while this is a sound instinct for preservation, it is a bitter discovery for the man who *is* better, who has worked to make himself better. This was the heartbroken cry of the Federalists when Jefferson destroyed them, of Adams's own grandfather when Jackson and the democrats broke him. Mrs. Lightfoot Lee sees the future of America symbolized in the dull absurdity of a President's reception where a multitude of nonentities shake hands with two other nonentities, all thinking the same thoughts and all dull with the same boredom. She ends on a note of cynicism: nine-tenths of America will think her a fool for not marrying a corrupt politician who was going to be President. Adams was more pessimistic still when he wrote "The Education" but by that time the world seemed as little likely to provide good environments for future Adamses as did America. He was not then, nor as a youth, devoid of snobbishness, but snobbishness has its values in a democracy; and the half century since the publication of this novel has not emptied it of prophetic warning.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Judgment of Paris

I AM WAITING to hear the chime of the Sorbonne church strike eleven: I wanted to hear it again, to get the right word for it. *Tinny,* which I used last year, is certainly not right. It is a light, cool, insouciant little chime; but I don't catch the just adjective, and can only advise you to listen for it yourself. It is not ponderous nor monitory nor deeply musical: in fact it seems (as I suppose is natural in a Latin Quarter belfry) hardly a religious voice at all. It has in it something of the accent of Ronsard, something of Diderot, and just a faint clatter of glassware from the zinc café-bar round the corner. I will leave it at that, or it will use up all my space.

Paris would hardly be Paris for me if I didn't hear the Sorbonne bells; though it is disconcerting to hear them striking while you are writing an article: another fifteen minutes gone and you have only descended a dozen lines. And this ground-floor room at the corner of the Place (in case there are ladies in the audience) is the perfect chamber for high-spirited young women. For, if the toy *ascenseur* is "immobilized for reparations," as sometimes happens, there are no stairs to climb; and the passage outside our door is one long stretch of mirrors, where Titania can walk up and down adjudging the effect of a new hat just arrived from Mme. Sorbier in the rue Lafayette. But it grows very chilly towards midnight at the end of September. *Chauffage Centrale* has a genial sound on the notepaper; but when, one wonders, does it begin? If it hadn't been for my well-loved *zinc* (as you are to call a small bar of that sort, pronouncing it *zank*) which is warm and bright and full of Chinamen playing cards, I should hardly have enlivened my fingers enough to write this letter. But the café-crême with cognac only costs ten cents, and makes the most intimate of chauffages centrales.

* * *

I understand now why the Quarter spends its evenings in the cafés—to keep warm. I should have liked to bring in a small electric heater; but the list of prohibitions placarded on the wall is peremptory.

* * *

I haven't really much gift for loitering in cafés. I wish I had: for then I might be able to find out, what has always disquieted me, whether the Boule' Miche' prowlers who look so like poets really are. The fellow with the yellow raincoat, and yellow ringlets as long and curly as Bonny Prince Charley's; and the other fellow with the sleek bobbed hair, the tight-waisted coat, the monocle and cane and open polo-shirt; they are still strolling the pavement just as they were a year ago. What I want to know is, how many poems have they written in the meantime? I always have a horrid fear that they will prove to be merely commissionaires for the Phiteesi shoe-store that appals my eye in that sacred precinct; heaven only knows how profound a disillusion it was to my spirit to find that word Phiteesi in the Latin Quarter: fortunately even the most learned doctors of the Sorbonne probably don't suspect its meaning. But a man who has strength enough left to wrestle against disillusion has not really been damaged; his fancy dives inward and becomes more precious. I cling desperately to the hope that the Chinamen are not the only romantic figures along the Boulevard; that the young men whose signed photographs are thick over the comfortable fireplace in Sylvia Beach's charming bookshop ("To dear Sylvia with just oceans of love") really are geniuses; that these Murgerian profiles are truly libertines and literary critics. You remember O. Henry's little story about the hayseed who looked so obviously a hayseed that no bunco-man dared go after him. But he really was a hayseed. And Walt Whitman teaches me to be cautious. Walt would have been very miserable along the trottoir of the Boule' Miche', for no one would have noticed him. Yet, though he looked so like a poet that few good Philadelphians would touch him, he really was one.—And I don't even believe that Walt's French, deservedly merrimented by his readers, was any worse than that of the average American in Paris.

* * *

But I love to think of the young American of the better sort who comes, like the *naif* scholar-gipsy he is, to make his pilgrimage to Paris. It is delightful to think of him, scandalized in small things that he may be, if he has understanding, uplifted in great. He has heard that the book-boxes along the Quais are the shrine of priest and philosopher; and the statue of Voltaire grins delightedly at his amazement to find the work most prominently displayed in "Fleshy Attraction, Translated from the French," carefully wrapped in strong twine. For that is the kind of delightful Vanity Fair and cheapjackery the world is: surely the photograph-pimp wouldn't work so hard unless real Beauty weren't near-by; nor would it be worth while for so many people to dress like poets unless the sources of real poetry were just around the corner. And I doubt if my imagined pilgrim even buys "Les Belles Flagellantes de New-York" even if he sees it every day on his way toward the Place Vendôme to ask for mail. If he has the jocund humor I like to credit him with, he has a smile when he goes into an antique-shop in the Boulevard St. Germain where he has seen some fine 18th century leather-bound 12-mos in the window. He finds that they have been gutted to make cigarette-boxes, though still preserving, outwardly, their booklike appearance. He exclaims a little in protest at old books having been served so—"Ah," says the young woman, "they were only religious books."

* * *

I read a great deal in the papers about a debt that France owes to America; but I have been thinking in a queer way about quite a different kind of debt that we owe to her. Americans have done a singular good deal, wherever there is real beauty in France, to persuade her to spoil it; and I feel that we have a curious obligation to help her to show us her best and truest parts. So the sapient pilgrim, if he were wise, would serve an apprenticeship in the provinces; he should be forbidden even to approach Paris until he had learned such elementary rules as never to allow a bottle of wine to be plunged into an ice-bucket—as the Paris restaurants have debauched themselves into doing under the notion that Americans like everything iced. He should avoid the eyes of Rue de la Paix jewelers peering fixedly over their velvet window-curtains, and should gaze in fascinated horror at the engravers' shops where Egyptian princes have their visiting cards displayed and among them the imposing pasteboard

MONSEIGNEUR GLASS
BISHOP OF SALT LAKE

He should learn first, what the cosmopolitan glamour of Paris is not so likely to teach, something of the unspoiled simplicities of the French countryside. It would do him no harm to hunt out the French equivalent of the old lady from Dubuque. Then he will be capable, I think, of distinguishing the true Paris, who makes herself so scarce for untutored eyes. Then he will see that, faithful to her old motto, this real Paris, loved by all the world's lovers, fluctuates but is never merged. He won't waste his clear sunsets at some rowdy cafe but will see the little flotilla of toy yachts skimming the Luxembourg basin. Where the woman with a bunch of balloons stands at the head of the steps, the light pours through her red and blue globes; seen down the gold-bronze avenue they are translucent like floating jewels. And that mysterious sound of horses' hoofs that often comes at midnight down the narrow rue de la Sorbonne, will grow to have its mystic meaning. It is the tramp of some pilgrim cavalcade; it is the students of the world, coming as they always came, in faith and hope and gaiety, to the doors of the Sorbonne. Loved as perhaps no other city has ever been loved, our illusions are worthy of her.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Revolution

SECRET SOCIETIES AND SUBVERSIVE MOVEMENTS. By NESTA H. WEBSTER. New York: E. B. Dutton & Co. 1924. $7.00.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT
Harvard University

THERE is no person now engaged in writing history concerning whose work there is such sharp divergence of opinion as there is in regard to that of Mrs. Webster. Since the appearance of her first volume on the Chevalier de Boufflers and the French Revolution, continued with her study of World Revolution, she has been the object of more praise and of much more attack than almost any one since Macaulay. That circumstance is due alike to her choice of subject, her point of view, and her method of approach. Revolution is always an extraordinarily difficult topic for historical treatment. Its passions long outlive its events, the schools of thought and practice which produce or are produced by it are peculiarly vigorous, even at times virulent, in their expression; and the literary results of study in that field are too often the victims of the same passions which gave rise to the movements which they chronicle. It is not without truth that the publisher who warned Mrs. Webster of the probable result of her labors observed to her, "Remember that if you take an anti-revolutionary line you will have the whole literary world against you."

There is, she has discovered, much in that observation, though to the anathemas of the *littérateurs* may be added the animadversions of a good many historians. These latter, indeed, however much they may be unconsciously inspired by their political opinions, are based rather on what they are apt to regard as overstressing her point of view than on mere objection to an anti-revolutionary thesis. It is to be feared that many who have most bitterly denounced her have done so not as historical experts but as "advanced" thinkers who, tolerably ignorant of the subject of which she treats, are prepossessed toward revolution of whatever kind, under the curious impression that revolution is somehow a good thing, and a constructive force. Yet it is probable that the greatest opposition she has aroused has come from those who resent the idea that revolutionary movements arise from organizations opposed to the existing order, in particular from those on which she lays the chief onus of revolutionary movements, the Freemasons, with their offshoot the Illuminati, and the Jewish Cabalists. And it is not without significance that she puts in the forefront of her present study a quotation from Disraeli—to which she might well have added others of even greater significance—to prove the existence and importance of the secret societies, and the relation of the subversive movements to these elements—to which, it is fair to say, he was openly opposed.

In particular what Mrs. Webster has done is to bring to light the doctrines and the activities of Weisshaupt and his school, which were long overlaid and concealed by the revolutionary oratory which confined itself to noble sentiments and was judiciously silent as to the means by which the power of their party was recruited and exercised. It is perfectly natural that as she has become more and more involved and interested in her thesis she has, without doubt, overemphasized certain aspects of the movement with which she is concerned. There was more in the French Revolution and its successors during the nineteenth century than Orléanist conspiracy and secret societies. They were not wholly due to a combination of Jews and Freemasons. Yet no one who is at all conversant with their history is ignorant of the fact that secret societies played a great part in these developments, however little attention has been paid to them in "formal" history. Entirely apart from Mrs. Webster's work there is considerable literature on the subject; and one need go no farther than Trotzky's account of the origin of the soviets in his essays on working class and international *revolution as translated by Olgin to perceive* that the secret society was so recently an active agent of revolution. The animus does not lie against Mrs. Webster's work on that ground, but on the ground that she has identified it so closely with race and organization, that she is frankly anti-revolutionary, and no less frankly anti-Jewish-revolutionary. She believes, and she does not hesitate to say, that there have been, and still are, "forces which for centuries have been deliberately gathering strength for an onslaught on Christianity and on all social and moral order," in the words of her publisher. Naturally she has produced explosive material, and naturally there has been an explosion, indeed a succession of them. And if one may not accept her explanation of the French Revolution entire, or admit all her interpretation of succeeding events, it will not be possible for the future, to ignore the material which she has collected nor write history of revolution as once was done in the mere light of "spontaneous combustion".

Data of Education

EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS. By C. W. ODELL. New York: The Century Co. 1925.

Reviewed by MARION C. TRABUE
University of North Carolina

TECHNICAL books in a professional field are seldom of sufficient general interest to attract the attention of lay readers. To say that Odell's new volume is an exception might be an exaggeration, but the book deserves attention from all who are interested in the development of better educational work, and it should be kept constantly on the workshelf of those who are directly engaged in the improvement of instruction.

Modern education is surprisingly different from the process which was called education a half century ago, and the most significant changes have taken place during the past twenty-five years. It is doubtful whether any other movement has ever had such far-reaching influence on the methods and devices of instruction as the movement toward precise statistical measurements has recently begun to exert. To determine the relative values of two methods of instruction or of two instructors by obtaining the personal opinions of those who observe them at work is no longer acceptable. The teaching method which can be shown to produce the greatest and most desirable changes in the pupils is now coming to be recognized promptly as best. Objective measurements of results and statistical interpretations of these measurements are being used in determining the relative worth of every phase of educational procedure.

Odell's book does not contribute new and original statistical methods but it brings together in one convenient volume which can be readily consulted and understood as the essential statistical processes that have proved most useful in the interpretation of educational data. Other writers have attempted to perform this same service, but no one of them has thus far been able to do it so well as this young research worker at the University of Illinois. Several brilliant statisticians have recently published books in this field, but their treatments of statistical processes lack the balance, the range, the clearness, and the scholarly outlook which characterize Odell's "Educational Statistics."

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Books of Special Interest

Mental Hygiene

THE NORMAL MIND. An Introduction to Mental Hygiene and the Hygiene of School Instruction. By WILLIAM H. BURNHAM. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by ARNOLD GESELL
Yale University

FOR a generation, G. Stanley Hall, Edmund C. Sanford, and William H. Burnham were associated at Clark University. Through their writing and teaching they exerted a considerable influence upon the development of psychology and education in this country. Dr. Burnham still holds the chair of pedagogy and school hygiene at Clark. His colleagues have passed along. By his numerous monographs, his public addresses, and by his instruction of a long line of students he has become a kind of preceptor and dean in the mental hygiene movement. His work has been fundamentally scientific in temper and quality, but infused with constructive criticism and vision. Although Professor Burnham has been laboring in his chosen vineyard for some forty years, he has hitherto not published a systematic volume. This lends added interest as well as weight and perspective to the book before us.

The term, "Mental Hygiene" carries for many a nebulous and aspirational connotation. Dr. Burnham has written what might justly be called an introduction to the science of the subject. He suggests that it is a science of the future; but he has assembled so many significant experimental and clinical studies in the field of mental economy, and has given these studies such orderly and basic interpretation that his book in fact constitutes a scientific manual which will have a wide appeal.

This appeal is further assured by the author's style, which is neither pretentious nor pedantic. The text has a conversational quality and is freely interspersed with homely and humorous allusions, with commonplace illustrations, with concrete applications. And yet it contains the report of a considerable amount of scientific research, both psychological and physiological. Special prominence is given to the experimental work on the conditioned reflex, to Sherrington's work on inhibition, to studies of fatigue, emotion, and development. Psychoanalysis comes in for some rather telling, critical simplification; but the author nowhere, fortunately, becomes controversial or even hortatory. He exemplifies what he has listed as the most important condition of mental health—namely the scientific attitude.

The range of the author's discussion is extemely wide, which is quite natural when we consider that his object is nothing less than to elucidate the characteristics and factors of normal mental function. The diversity of illustrations and applications gives point to the fundamental importance of these characteristics of integration, of attention to present reality, of spontaneity in thought and action. Normality is defined as "a functional rather than a structural conception, and the practical test is that degree of integration that enables one to work at a significant task and get on peaceably in the social groups of which one is a member."

In developing his argument Dr. Burnham touches on a wealth of themes and problems from the training of wild animals to international coöperation and the psychology of democracy. He discusses anger, fears, failure, success, discipline, healthful and unhealthful modes of instruction, disorderly association, pseudo-feeblemindedness, worry, the sense of inferiority, the mechanism of inhibition, suggestion, the hygienic significance of "a task, a plan, and freedom."

Although the book is designed, through the addition of summaries, problems, and questions and bibliographies (which are excellent) to be serviceable for students in colleges and teacher training schools, it goes beyond the ordinary limitations of a textbook. The combined breadth and concreteness of treatment will make it peculiarly suggestive to the marginal reader, who is looking for a provocative book that is not directly addressed to him. The employer who is seeking a new psychological slant on problems of labor and efficiency, the lawyer who wishes a new insight into the frailties of human nature, the clergyman or reformer who needs a new tolerance for these frailties, the public health student who wishes to know if mental vitality can be increased as the length of life has been increased, the journalist who wishes to look beyond the intelligence factor into the deeper springs of conduct—even the novelist who desires a fresh although scientific glimpse into the determinations of human behavior, may read this book with profit.

But like many other good books, this one must be read thoughtfully.

Fourteen Poets

ULYSSES RETURNS, and Other Poems. By ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY. New York: Brentano's. 1925. $1.50.

THE WANDERING EROS. By MARTHA DICKINSON BIANCHI. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $2.

A WIND BLOWING OVER. By CLARA PLATT MEADOWCROFT. New York: Harold Vinal. 1925.

ELEVEN POETS. Volume One. New York: Harold Vinal. 1925.

Reviewed by BABETTE DEUTSCH

THESE four books of verse differ from one another only slightly in respect to size, and even less as regards the weight of the matter to be found between their covers. Mrs. Montgomery's themes are said by her publishers to "have a unique public appeal." She deals chiefly with unhappy love, concealed grief, remembered joy, the desire of escape from routine, so it is possible that these effusions are welcomed by the general. In any case, the facile sentiments, stereotyped phrases, and lack of thought render these rhymes negligible to disciplined ears.

Mrs. Bianchi strives for a more recondite expression of more intense moods. But the very violence with which she protests her passion kills the possibility of communicating it. There are "echoes from the Chinese," fragments labelled "from the love-moods of a slave-girl,"—pastiche, not poetry. One is the more acutely disappointed because Mrs. Bianchi was once Miss Dickinson, and her distinguished name deserves better of her. The book's virtue is not in these extravagant rhapsodies but in two delightful little cuts, whose effect is Pompeiian rather than Greek, which make the head-and tail-piece.

There seems to be more sincerity in the fragile verses of Clara Platt Meadowcroft, however crowded these may be with clichés. The final one of her pale lyrics, that which begins,

Stones,—
Gray fruit of the field—

suggests that this poetaster may yet grow, like her stones.

The eleven poets included by Mr. Vinal in the booklet that bears this title are both more sensuous and more rugged than the artisans of verse considered above. There is plenty of wistful reminiscence here, too, but there is occasionally the tang of a fresh metaphor, the flash of honest sensibility. One wishes that more of these versifiers shared Leighton Rollins' will to

Wreck completely each shadowy dream,
Until each veil has fallen down . . .

The most quotable thing in the book is Mary Atwater Taylor's amusing promenade "In the Antwerp Gallery":

Shadowed velvet and rosy pearls,
Mechlin lace in wide-set bands,
Heavy neck and florid face,
Smoothly sensual hands.
Emeralds about the lusty throat,
Fingers clustered with showy rings,
Flemish figure and bovine gaze,—
The gaze that feeds on things.
Hard blue eyes in a hard drab brow,
Set with a curious Eastern slant,
Yes, it's an excellent likeness, that,—
Rembrandt's portrait of my Aunt!

It is a pity that the attractive paper bindings Mr. Vinal has chosen for these delicate books—they are scarcely more than pamphlets—are not more durable. But since the frailty inheres in the contents also, one is consoled.

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Christopher Morley's

The Editor of THE BOWLING GREEN and three of the children, after a swim.

BEHIND the scenes in the busy publishing houses of America there is one novel that is causing more discussion, more comment and rumor than any book in years.

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. . . . .

Just before taking leave Mr. Morley dropped a manuscript on one of the editor's desks and asked him if he would read it and see what he thought of it.

. . . . .

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THUNDER ON THE LEFT *will not be on sale in bookstores until Thanksgiving Eve, November 25th.* But, since Christopher Morley has many friends among the readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* we are placing this one notice in advance of publication so that all of them may have their chance to order copies of THUNDER ON THE LEFT at their booksellers *now*. But don't delay! First editions will be valuable for there is no special or limited edition of this book, only the $2.00 Trade Edition. . .and these will not stay in bookstores long. So place your order with your nearest bookseller *today*. November 25th is only a few weeks away.

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A Letter from Paris

By Louise Morgan Sill

AMERICANS who are familiar with the Latin Quarter, and especially Montparnasse, will be amused by a book entitled "Montparnasse" (Albin Michel), written by Gustave Fuss-Amoré and Maurice des Ombiaux. It consists of little sketches and anecdotes of "the Quarter," as it is affectionately called by its inhabitants, preceded by an article called "Montparnasse Centre du Monde". It is claimed that the well-known strip of Paris lying between the Gare Montparnasse, along the Boulevard of the same name, and the Boulevard Raspail, constitutes the navel of the world of universal forward-looking literature and art. The high altars of this cult are the Café de la Rotonde and the Café du Dôme, and around these precincts gather students from all over the world—painters, revolutionists (Trotzky drank many a *pernod* and played many a game of chess at the Rotonde), poets, writers, dancers, musicians, and all the polyglot company of mental unrest, of near-talent, of half-talent, and of talent, or even—very rarely—genius. Montmartre is said to be sadly on the decline as a genuine Mecca of talent; its cabarets and vulgarities entertain the uninitiated Philistine, but not the poet and the painter and their followers. Montparnasse is the retreat of the Muses, as its name implies that it should always be.

All this has happened since the War—not that Montparnasse was not always the home of art and culture. Only, Cubism is said to have been invented or discovered by Picasso and Braque at Montmartre, whereas now, if any new thing remains to be brought forward in the realm of art or letters, it will surely be evolved at Montparnasse, if our authors are to be credited. The Café de la Rotonde, on the carrefour Vavin—so called because the little rue Vavin runs into the Boulevard Raspail at this point—once a humble cabaret, now an important restaurant, may be the scene of anything at any moment, if we are to believe the flying rumors, unless this new publicity scares away the very spirits who cause Things to happen.

❧ ❧ ❧

Those who have read the Journal of Eugénie de Guerin, and been charmed by its beautiful serenity of soul and its interest in the small events of daily life in a modest château, will like Geneviève Duhamelet's "La Vie et la Mort d'Eugénie de Guérin" (Bloud & Gay), which not only makes the Journal more interesting but adds many other facts in the life of this gifted Frenchwoman. The author tells us much that is enlightening in the life of Eugénie's adored brother, Maurice, known by his fine philosophical poem "Le Centaur", and whose life was a series of misfortunes until his early death from consumption, of which his sister Eugénie also died a few years later. Barbey d'Aurevilly figures in the book, not always to his advantage. The style of the narrative is a trifle sentimental at times, but it is worth reading for the reasons given above and for its reflection of the spiritual meaning of Eugénie's life.

Charles-Henry Hirsch's new novel "La Passion de Bouteclou" (Flammarion), in its first pages leads the reader to suppose that he is again entangled in a love tale, only to find that Bouteclou's passion is his love for the farmlands upon which his family had lived for more than two and a half centuries. He is the hero peasant, upon whom France depends for her prosperity almost more than anything else. Hirsch can tell a story in a way that scarcely any readers can resist; he belongs in a sense to the de Maupassant line of *conteurs*. In this story he paints vivid pictures of the nobleman whose failing character leads to the loss of his lands; the notary who belongs to the old tradition from choice, not from incapacity to do otherwise; the modern seller of other men's lands, the strictly business man who organizes the *lotissements* which destroy old landed estates by selling them in minute parcels that bring in an enormous profit; and the peasant farmer who would prefer to die rather than part with an inch of his land, whose soil is his breath of life. I heard not long ago an old French song in which a small farmer declares his love and admiration for his oxen: "J'ai deux beaux boeufs dans mon étable, Deux boeufs blancs marqués de rouge", and that he would prefer death by hanging to separation from them and the cart they draw! This is inherent in the French peasant, whose life is attached to the soil, century after century, as closely as the vegetables and grain that grow in it. Some of these farmer families have lived on the same farm nearly a thousand years. (If our American soldiers had known and realized these facts during the War, many of the incidents which happened to annoy and shock them might have been understood and palliated.)

The latest novel of that indefatigable writer, Henry Bordeaux, also deals with peasants vividly portrayed. It is entitled "Le Coeur et le Sang" (Plon), and is the dramatic story of the seduction of a young girl by a man who refuses to marry her and is killed by her brother. It is dedicated to Rudyard Kipling, who had written a preface to the English edition of Bordeaux's "La Vie Héroique de Guynemer", the American edition of which was prefaced by Theodore Roosevelt. M. Bordeaux is at work on a new book to be entitled "Le Paysan". It will appear in a series called "Les Caractéres de ce Temps", in which Mgr. Julien's "Le Prêtre" has already been published.

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M. Alfred Mortier, who has specialized in Italian literature, has undertaken the translation of the dramatic works of Ruzzante (1502-1542), popular comedies which have not hitherto been translated into French owing to the difficulties of the numerous dialects used by the characters. M. Mortier has recently published the first volume of his work, which consists of biographical and literary studies of the dramatist—"his family, his *milieu*, and his time, his life as an actor, the origin and nature of his talent"—with a critical analysis of each play, and which bears the title "Ruzzante" (Peyronnet). The second volume will contain the comedies which are promised to be "a revelation".

Judging by certain publishers' announcements, the coming season will be a busy and interesting one in the world of French books. It would seem that the higher goes the cost of living, the more complicated become the political and social troubles of the country, the more books are written and read. There were 3,334 books published here this year between January 1st and August 30th, including all subjects, from an anthology of modern poetry to a manual on butchery. . . Critics admit that they are overworked and overwhelmed. They do not, for all that, lose their critical calm, nor cultivate the vulgar haste of the onrushing multitude. For instance, a volume on the "Jeunesse de Renan", noticed by the present writer in the *Saturday Review* for May 16th last, received due attention in the *Journal des Débats* in September. But this was exceptionally leisurely.

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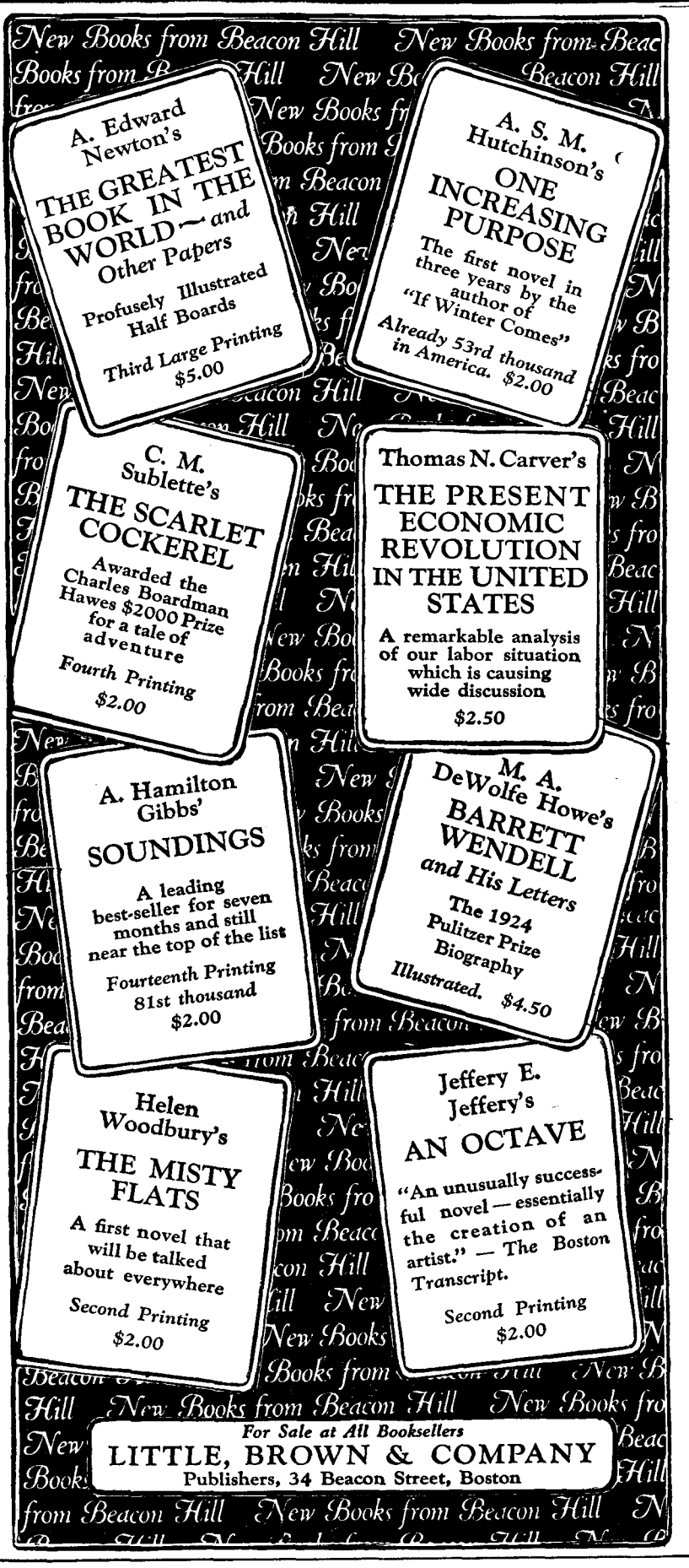
There seems to be unusual interest in foreign literature. An ancient Chinese tale, "La Brise au Clair de Lune" (Grasset), designated as the first novel of love and adventure, has been translated by Soulié de Morant. It appeared in China six hundred years ago and has attained a circulation of one hundred million copies. (It is advertised as having had more readers than the Bible). Then, there are a number of new Algerian and Moroccan stories. Italian works are always being translated, and English novels too; translations of American books appear now and then. There is a new edition of Remy de Gourmont's "Bryant et Emerson" (La Centaine); and "Le Génie d'Edgar Poë", by Camille Mauclair, the Academy-crowned art critic, is now being published serially in the *Revue Hebdomadaire* and will be brought out in book form by Albin Michel. Nicholas Murray Butler's "Les Etats-Unis d'Amérique" is issued by Alcan, and there is a "Catalogue des Manuscrits Américains de la Bibliothèque Nationale" (Champion), by H. Omont.

Lucien Dubech's edition of the "Oeuvres de Racine" (Cité des Livres) is just completed by the appearance of the fifth and sixth volumes, which contain the "Abrégé de l'Histoire de Port-Royal", "Correspondance", and the "Poésies Diverses". These poems and psalms of Racine's are considered perfect in lyrical expression, and for a long time have not been obtainable in book-shops. M. Dubech is the author of poems, essays, and dramatic criticism. He published last summer "Les Chefs de File et la Jeune Génération" (Plon).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GOOD BOOKS

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE MONUMENTS OF CHRISTIAN ROME. By *A. L. Frothingham.* Macmillan. $3.

ELEMENTS OF FORM AND DESIGN IN CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE. By *Arthur Stratton.* Scribners. $7.50.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS. By *Miguel Covarrubias.* Knopf. $3 net.

DRAWINGS FOR THE THEATRE. By *Robert Edmond Jones.* Theatre Arts.

AMERICAN PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS. By *Lorinda M. Bryant.* Dodd, Mead. $5.

CARTOONS FROM LIFE. By *Ellison Hoover.* Simon & Schuster. $1.50.

Belles Lettres

THE MODERN ENGLISH NOVEL. By ABEL CHEVALLEY. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Originally intended as an introduction to modern English fiction for French students, M. Chevalley's brief volume now appears in an English version by Ben Ray Redman. The book offers a slight sketch of the development of the English novel before 1800, a concise account of the tendencies exemplified in the work of certain Victorian novelists, chapters on Butler and James, and five chapters devoted to the development of the novel during the thirty years preceding 1920. It may be seen that the author covers an extensive territory in exceedingly brief space. The treatment is necessarily suggestive and impressionistic rather than analytic and critical; there are obvious *lacunæ* some of which the author acknowledges apologetically; there are peculiar distortions of perspective accountable only by the fact that the book was intended for French, not English or American, readers. M. Chevalley has devoted considerable space to the consideration of writers of comparatively inconsiderable artistic significance; he has passed over in a sentence the work of writers whose contemporary influence is of some importance. Yet, on the whole, his book is provocative and eminently readable. It is chiefly interesting, not for its informative or critical values, but for its candid expression of a French response to modern English fiction. From this point of view its occasional defects are as admirably stimulating as its frequent lucidities. And the American reader will undoubtedly profit from the constant and suggestive comparison of English with French fiction.

THE CRAFT OF LITERATURE. By W. E. WILLIAMS. International Publishers. 1925. $2.

A useful critical account of the development of the various forms of English literature in verse and prose. The author's taste is catholic, his style free from pedantry, his choice of selections discriminating. The Elizabethan lyric unfortunately receives less attention than it deserves while undue emphasis, perhaps, is given to the contemporary drama, but, in general, proportions are well maintained. The book should be particularly acceptable to teachers and college students of English.

SOUTHERN PIONEERS IN SOCIAL INTERPRETATION. Edited by HOWARD W. ODUM. University of North Carolina Press. 1925.

This is a collection of essays by Southerners on ten semi-contemporary Southerners in the series for which Woodrow Wilson wrote his "Robert E. Lee." The most interesting of them, the introductory one by Professor Odum, is rather out of key with the rest as it is mainly a pathetic wail over the lack of real leadership in the South, while his less idealistic colleagues are content to claim greatness for certain individuals of their section in a manner which reminds one of the current tone of Los Angeles. Woodrow Wilson, Walter Page, Joel Chandler Harris, and Booker Washington (whose inclusion gives pleasing evidence of liberality) are the only names of national interest. One wonders at the exclusion of Sidney Lanier from a list which includes so many figures of less importance.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS. Translated by T. W. ARNOLD. Stokes. 1925. $3.

Such a beautiful presentation edition as this of the "Fioretti" calls for welcoming notice. Thirty-two illustrations in color and half-tone, each a reproduction of some old master, enhance the value of Mr. Arnold's simple and unaffected translation wherein the biblical English seldom palls. Dr. Guido Biagi, of the Biblioteca Laurenziana at Florence, writes a preface arguing that the "Little Flowers" possesses only a restricted value if regarded from the biographical point of view, a fact generally true of all imaginative literature. His contention that the book is not a literary work, but a piece of folk-lore, is, we think, rather unfortunate apposition. Is it not both? Of all mediæval books, excepting "The Divine Comedy," "The Little Flowers" most deserves its modern reputation and one more in the long succession of editions is a promising sign that its popularity does not wane.

CENTURY READINGS IN ANCIENT CLASSICAL AND MODERN EUROPEAN LITERATURE. Edited by *John W. Cunliffe and Grant Showerman.* Century. $5.

SMALL WARES. By *the author of "The Notion-Counter."* Little, Brown.

TWENTY MILES OUT: INDESCRETIONS OF A COMMUTER'S WIFE. By *Herself.* Little, Brown. $1.25 net.

SAMUEL DANIEL: A DEFENSE OF RYME. THOMAS CAMPION: OBSERVATION IN THE ART OF ENGLISH POESIE. Dutton. $1.50.

JOHN MARSTON: THE SCOURGE OF VILLANIE. Dutton. $1.50.

THAMYRIS OR IS THERE A FUTURE FOR POETRY? By *R. C. Trevelyan.* Dutton. $1.

THINGS SEEN AND HEARD. By *Edgar J. Goodspeed.* University of Chicago. $2.

FOOLISH FICTION. By *Christopher Ward.* Holt. $1.90.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SPANISH LITERATURE. By *George T. Northrop.* University of Chicago Press. $3.

THE LONDON COMEDY. By *C. P. Hawkes.* Medici Society.

THE ENGLISH COMIC CHARACTERS. By *J. B. Priestly.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

OCCIDENTAL GLEANINGS. By *Lafacadio Hearn.* Edited by *Albert Mordell.* Dodd, Mead. 2 vols. $6.

THE FUTURE. By *A. W. Low.* International Publishers. $2.

THE CRAFT OF LITERATURE. By *W. E. Williams.* International Publishers. $2.

GENIUS AND DISASTER. By *Jeannette Marks.* Adelphi. $3 net.

THE ART OF DESCRIPTION. By *Marjorie H. Nicolson.* Crofts. $2.50.

THE ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE. Translated by *George B. Ives.* Harvard University Press. 2 vols.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ATTITUDE. By *George Jean Nathan.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

OXFORD OBSERVATIONS. By *J. Ainsworth Morgan.* Hitchock.

"IF I MAY." By *A. A. Milne.* Dutton. $2.

LITERARY CONTRASTS. Selected and edited by *C. Alphonso Smith.* Ginn. $2.36.

JUNGLE PEACE. By *William Beebe.* Modern Library.

Biography

BYRON IN PERSPECTIVE. By J. D. SYMON. Stokes. 1925. $3.

After the glut of centenary literature Mr. Symon's book is rather belated and will not perhaps attract the attention it deserves. Apart from some small light which the author, writing from Aberdeen, is able to throw on Byron's childhood in that town, there is nothing particularly new in the book. But Mr. Symon does justify his title and does not come to his subject with the usual predilections which are the peculiar possession of Byron students. He devotes a very large section of his book to Byron's childhood in Scotland and schooldays at Harrow. He dwells with particular emphasis on a hitherto neglected aspect of the poet's origins—his Scot's ancestry and feeling for Scotland. The chapter on "The Byronic Hero" is a piece of shrewd and searching biographical and literary criticism bearing evidence to the close scholarship of the author. He is particularly sensible, too, in treating Byron's marriage and he does not over-emphasize the sexual side of his temperament in the old familiar manner. Mr Symon has steered his way very courageously and reasonably between some of those rocks where many a previous biographer and critic has met with shipwreck. The book is remarkably well written and the facts and theories he repeats and suggests are marshalled with real acumen.

CHARLES M. SHELDON: HIS LIFE STORY. Doran. 1925. $2.50.

Charles M. Sheldon is known chiefly as the author of "In His Steps", a brief, simple story based on the life of Christ. It was first read to his congregation in Topeka, Kansas, and later published by the Chicago *Advance.* The story was popular and there was a defective copyright. As a result more than 22,000,000 copies have been sold, published by fifty different publishers, and translated into twenty languages. The story of "In His Steps", told for the first time by Dr. Sheldon, is one of the outstanding chapters of this autobiography.

Dr. Sheldon became an international

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

figure again, through another channel. In 1900, he was given for the space of one week the editorship and control of the Topeka *Daily Capital* and authorized to run the paper as he thought Christ would run a "Christian daily". During this week the paper jumped in daily circulation from 15,000 to 367,000 copies. Furthermore, a plea published in the *Capital* for contributions to alleviate suffering from famine in India resulted in donations amounting to $100,000. The history of this unique experiment is given in detail.

Dr. Sheldon's influence was not all of a spectacular nature, and he writes intimately of his school and travel days, of his pastorates in Vermont and Kansas, and of his later editorship of the New York *Christian Herald*, revealing the strong guiding principles of his life. Common sense, a deep love of humanity, religious fervor, and untiring enthusiasm for the task at hand attended him from the very first. In writing this life story, his assurance is tempered throughout by his humility, and he tells of his success and achievements in a manner which should characterize all autobiography.

THREE MASTER BUILDERS AND ANOTHER. By *Pelham H. Box*. Lippincott. $5.
ELIJAH COBB. Yale University Press. $1.50.
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEKHOV. Translated and edited by *S. S. Koteliansky and Philip Tomlinson*. Doran. $6 net.
THE VANISHED POMPS OF YESTERDAY. By *Lord Frederic Hamilton*. Doran. 3 vols. $2.50 net each.
THE PAPERS OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON. Edited by *Alexander C. Flick*. Albany: University of State of New York.
A DIPLOMAT LOOKS AT EUROPE. By *Richard Washburn Child*. Duffield. $4.
FRANCESCO PETRARCA. London: Sheldon Press.
PIOZZI MARGINALIA. By *Percival Merritt*. Harvard University Press. $3.
IN THE DAYS OF MY FATHER GENERAL GRANT. By *Jesse R. Grant*. Harpers. $3.50.
MEMORIES OF NINETY YEARS. By *Mrs. E. W. Ward*. Holt. $5.
REMINISCENCES OF AN AMERICAN LOYALIST. Edited by *Jonathan Boucher*. Houghton Mifflin. $6.
THE DREAMER. By *Mary Newton Stanard*. Lippincott. $3.50.
THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By *John Forster*. Lippincott. 2 vols.
MADAME RECAMIER. By *Edward Herriot*. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $7.50.
EDGAR ALLEN POE LETTERS TILL NOW UNPUBLISHED. By *Mary Newton Stanard*. Lippincott.

Drama

DEVONSHIRE CREAM: A Comedy. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Macmillan. 1925. $1.75.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has conceived and executed his new play with just the right amount of mechanical precision to assure a second sentimental success on the stage of popular comedy. The atmosphere and tone of the play are similar in all respects to what was seen in his last great English success "The Farmer's Wife". The theme is a variation of the Montagu-Capulet story and it is well spiced with local color and the rural-simplicity atmosphere with a streak of mild dialect across the dialogue. One feels from the outset that the irate father is at heart "a good fellow and 'twill all be well:" and so he is, as the happy ending shows. The humor is amiable though not very striking. Mr. Phillpotts plays his old tune on the same half-muted strings as before and nobody need be offended at the noise.

TI-ME-KUN-DAN. Translated from the Tibetan Text by MILLICENT H. MORRISON. Dutton. 1925. $1.50.

This poetic play translated from an early Tibetan text is one of the "Wisdom of the East Series", issued in the hope of bringing about better good will and understanding between the East and the West. "Ti-Me-Kun-Dan" is the hero of this rather lengthy verse play which deals with the many adventures, as well as the philosophy and religion of this Prince of Buddhist Benevolence who lived in a period considerably before the twelfth century. Judged from a reading standpoint the play is interesting historically and as an expression of Buddhist philosophy; but from an acting point of view it is far too long-winded, involved, and abstract for practical purposes, though a jacket note states that it is "still acted in Tibetan villages in the open air by traveling actors". When compared with "The Little Clay Cart", so recently revived by The Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street, this drama seems lifeless and stilted, totally lacking in the humor and human characterization of this Hindu classic.

THE TRIAL OF JESUS. By *John Masefield*. Macmillan. $1.75.
HOW TO PRODUCE AMATEUR PLAYS. By *Barrett H. Clark*. Little, Brown. $2 net.
THE LORD'S WILL. By *Paul Green*. Holt. $2.
WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE. *By Mary Matlock Griffith*. Austin, Texas: Steck.
THE DAY BEFORE COMMENCEMENT. By *Francis Neilson*. Huebsch. $1.50.
THE SHOW. By *John Galsworthy*. Scribners. $1.
THE KNAVE OF HEARTS. By *Louise Saunders*. Illustrated by *Maxfield Parrish*. Scribners. $10.

Economics

INDUSTRIAL OWNERSHIP, ITS ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE. By ROBERT S. BROOKINGS. Macmillan. 1925. $1.25.

Mr. Brookings loves the despised, downtrodden Trust. His is a sort of grandfatherly love, for a young thing that he saw come into the world, and grow up, and make its place there. He entered business, he tells us, in 1867, and retired in 1896, to become President of Washington University. The Trust may have led a regrettable youth, but Mr. Brookings regards that as a mere incident in its existence, and of its future worth he has confident hopes.

The small investor redeemed the Trust from its accompliceship to the Money King, according to his view. The rise in the number of stockholders of the Steel Corporation, the American Bell Telephone system, and other great industrial concerns is of course no new discovery; Mr. Brookings's belief is that this change has converted trusts into innocuous and indeed useful public servants. The multitude of small security holders, he finds, lets the executives alone, instead of plaguing them for bigger returns, and the resulting new-type executive pays heed to proper demands of labor and the public. Hence the prospect of industries run on the basis of a fair return on capital, and of melons for labor and public in the shape of vastly improved wages and working conditions, paid for not by despoiling owners, but by increased output at lower prices.

To further this happy result, Mr. Brookings proposes an amendment of the anti-trust laws to such purpose that they may restrict no longer the exercise of the power generated by industrial concentration, but only its abuse. He urges, as the means to still the worker's fears of "working himself out of a job," the adoption of group unemployment insurance. Perhaps he misses an opportunity in not explaining how the unemployment insurance of the future is to escape the drawbacks found by critics of the present situation in England. Unemployment insurance is epidemic insurance, conflagration insurance, everything refractory to probabilities and the law of averages, on which the formulæ of ordinary insurance rest. A scheme to render it bearable to payers and to prevent its very payment from spreading or protracting unemployment might help us along the way to the Promised Land.

Mr. Brookings has moreover reckoned without that somewhat foreign-sounding person, the *entrepreneur*. He conceives of an industrial system in which the Trusts shall really be trusteeships, run by faithful stewards for the benefit of all concerned. The vitamine of industrial enterprise used to be material incentive. The trustee-executive will bear plenty of responsibility, but whence will come his incentive to play the *entrepreneur*, and make his system progress?

The brevity of the book excuses it, indeed, from detail. Its author has simply supplied a noteworthy suggestion which others may elaborate.

THE TENURE OF AGRICULTURAL LAND. By *C. S. Orwin and W. R. Peel*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).
THE RELATION OF GOVERNMENT TO INDUSTRY. By *M. L. Requa*. Macmillan. $2.
CURRENT ECONOMIC PROBLEMS. By *Walton H. Hamilton*. Chicago University Press. $4.

Education

EDUCATION, THE MACHINE AND THE WORKER. By HORACE M. KALLEN. New Republic, Inc. 1925. $1.

People at first talked about labor education in somewhat the same way in which primitive savages talk about medicine. They failed to reckon that there might be numerous kinds of labor education, as there are of medicine. Professor Kallen thinks that now, after several years of experiment with all sorts of bottles

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from the educational shelf, the time has come to discuss prescriptions.

He has no use for such fiery potions as *proletkult*, Leninism, or Marxism, which he thinks tend to drug the labor intelligence rather than strengthen it. It is in fact refreshing to find that he is against swarms of things, in the worker world as well as in the world of business, culture, and capital; refreshing because it proves that a man can travel with the masses and still be a well rounded kicker, capable of disagreeing with both sides in the social strife. He finds that our system of public education has in the main failed to teach what the pupils needed to know; that its vast corps of teachers show "no sense of professional integrity"; that successful unions lose public confidence as they gain power; that Christianity is "a complicated articraft." He does not respect ideas for their followings.

His own prescription for the educational needs of labor rests on the idea that technology in modern industry is power. In order to obtain a larger measure of control in the shops where they make their wages, workmen, he believes must learn practical things about the materials and the goods that they handle, and about machinery and processes. Workers' interest in the details of production will in his judgment awaken when shop organizations gain somewhat more of a say in the conduct of the operations in which the wage earners engage, and when a better understanding with employers, diminishing the labor turnover, reduces the dread that workers have of working themselves out of a job.

Workers, it seems, want to study drama, elocution, psychology and things like that —stimulating to the ego, remote from the shop. Can any change in their surroundings put laboring folk, mentally, into business? Professor Kallen offers a prescription to make them contented, eager participants in the life, not the mere motion of industry. Will they take the prescription?

OUR ENEMY THE CHILD. By *Agnes de Lima*. New Republic.
HOW TO WRITE BUSINESS LETTERS. By *John A. Powell*. University of Chicago. $1.50.
HOW TO WRITE. *Corona Typewriting Co.*
A PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY OF BABYHOOD. By *Jessie C. Fenton*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

Fiction

BREAD AND JAM. By NALBRO BARTLEY. Doran. 1925. $2.

In this novel of contemporary small city life it seems to us that Miss Bartley makes a significant and unexpected advance over all of her previous work which we have read. It is a story of love and irresponsibly undertaken marriage between a penniless girl and a youth possessed of a fortune which, before the end of their first year together, is reduced through worthless investments to almost nothing. Faced with poverty, and with no tried means to combat it, he bravely chooses a singularly hard course to demonstrate his unproved worth. He and his wife remain together during several trying years, though on her part loyalty is preserved only at the verge of irreparable missteps. Toward the close, when the man is about to reap the first, belated fruits of his long struggle, the wife asserts that all is over and they must separate permanently. But an unlooked for factor here arises to bridge the disaster safely. The story gives an unusually distinct and comprehensive view of an average youthful mating, its errors, misunderstandings, mutual faults, shortcomings, virtues, and slowly attained readjustments.

THE RATIONAL HIND. By BEN AMES WILLIAMS. Dutton. 1925. $2.

Fraternity, the farming community in Maine which Mr. Williams has endeared to his readers in "Evered" and "Thrifty Stock," is again the setting in this story. Like its predecessors, "The Rational Hind" is a story of the soil. Only a brook and a backwater are added. "There are always little bits of wood afloat in it; there is apt to be a thin sheet of foamy scum. At first glance this seems to be altogether without movement, except that the disturbance of the passing stream sends faint ripples which make the drift and the dirty foam sluggishly rise and fall. The drift does indolently revolve upon itself. It is seldom that any of it escapes into the flow of the stream; a single twig. . . . . will sometimes be found here day after day until it becomes waterlogged and sinks to rot away upon the bottom already thickly carpeted with oozy mold."

The author seeks to show in the story of a backwater family that in the huge scheme of things it is ordained that men and women who withdraw themselves from life must free themselves from their seclusion—or slowly rot and die.

There are characters, and splendid ones —a family, a town, a countryside. Yet the interest lies in the soil, the passing of a meadow, the brook, and the backwater, where a traveling muskrat occasionally turns, tears the foam and dislodges drift which has been there for days, and sends it out to be caught by the current and swept away. Such was the drift, and such was the family, the town, and the countryside.

SNUFFS AND BUTTERS AND OTHER STORIES. By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE. Century. 1925. $1.75.

Knowing that Miss La Motte is what one might call a natural born crusader it was rather difficult for us to "swallow" the publisher's statement concerning her latest work, "Stuffs and Butters, and Other Stories," that "it is the least possible propagandic in form." "Least possible for Ellen N. La Motte," they should have said. It was with many misgivings we picked up the volume, and upon reading the title story we felt that our misgivings had been justified. Here was a story filled with a deep underlying hatred of England and her apparent hypocrisies. But as we read on through story after story (nine in all) a deep respect for Miss La Motte as a story teller took possession of us. Each seemed better than the last, yet the last is no better than the first. They are all fine, powerful, stories, full of both the depths and heights of humanity as it exists in the Far East.

At the beginning of "Proof," one of the stories, she says:

These things happen so easily out in the East, in the Far Eastern tropics, although they also happen easily enough in other parts of the world, God knows. But out in the East—perhaps it is because of the heat. That strange moist heat which makes things grow so mightily, with such richness and fragrance and color, although this has its sinister side too, and produces rank, poisonous developments. Well, too, it does make sometimes for that which is noble and lofty.

Whatever it is, heat or just deep Oriental passion, it produces strange, weird, things; and whether or not you ignore Miss La Motte's uncontrollable flings at Great Britain you will enjoy her stories immensely.

THE IMPERFECT IMPOSTOR. By NORMAN VEDDER. Stokes. 1925. $2.

This is a story about the unusual resemblance of two men and the peculiar consequences. Arthur Arthurton, the younger son of an English peer, meets a genial adventurer so exactly his double that he persuades him with sudden eagerness to assume his identity for an indefinite period. The impostor enters his rôle with sufficient ease to fool a number of Arthur's acquaintances, but he fails to pass the scrutiny of those who knew his double intimately. For one reason or another, however, exposure is delayed in each instance. His active sense of humor pleases them, and his presence is preferred to Arthur's. Then things begin to happen. The sudden death of Arthur's father and elder brother gives the title to the impostor. The latter would now willingly relinquish his rôle, but Arthur is not to be found and Arthur's sister, with whom he has fallen in love, urges him to continue the part until her brother's reappearance. The situation becomes quite complicated, but all ends well.

The novel meets the standard expected by the readers of our popular periodicals. Its plot is intricate but smooth, artificial but engaging; and it is written with verve and in a racy slang. The opinion of "the well-known critic" to the contrary, the story is an obvious *tour de force* and not "as simply human as the intimate drama of each reader's own life." Nevertheless it is written cleverly enough to retain the reader's interest to the end.

GENTLEMAN RICHES. By LUCILLE BORDEN. Macmillan. 1925. $2.50.

The vital strength of Mrs. Borden's ably written novel is undermined by the irrelevant introduction of lengthy discussions, by the characters, of conflicting religious doctrines and beliefs. These constantly and unwarrantably impede the natural progress of the tale and divert the reader's attention from the central interests of the narrative, which are well worth following. The heroine, Ginestra Dane, a negative, sweet-tempered girl of vast inherited wealth, is thwarted in

(*Continued on page 225*)

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—N. Y. Post.

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Books of the Fall

By Amy Loveman

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, when books pour in in increasing flood and time to read them is nowhere to be found. Books to the right of us, books to the left of us, books on the chairs, books still in their wrappers piled on the floor, and time only to skim the first page of one, the last of another, and the middle chapter of a third. We are reminded of a drawing we saw years ago in a comic weekly depicting the small boy's idea of heaven—room after room in endless row all walled and ceiled with candy, and the entranced youth advancing through them tasting never a sweet, so fearful was he that when he reached the best his appetite would be too jaded to enjoy it. We are hardened by long experience, and know that if we nibble judiciously we can swallow enough to get the flavor if not the content of the tempting morsels piled up before us, enough to convey to the reader the general character of the new publications offered for his delectation so that he may judge for himself whether they will be to his taste.

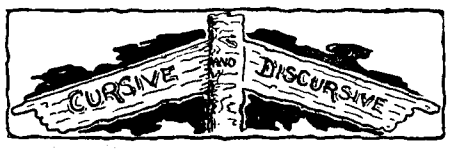
It is a good publishing season. We hear it from every side, and even the publishers concede it. Indeed their works proclaim their judgment, for if among the new volumes there are few that are of the largest importance the general run of the fall books is of excellent quality. Familiar names are among the list of authors, especially among that of the novelists. H. G. Wells, with "Christina Alberta's Father" (Macmillan) returns to the whimsical and fantastic mood of some of his earlier writing; Conrad, alas! no longer writing is nevertheless represented with "Suspense" (Doubleday, Page), the Napolenic novel on which he had been engaged for years and which he left unfinished at his death; Galsworthy is represented by an excellent collection of his short tales entitled "Caravan" (Scribners), Frank Swinnerton is to issue before long "The Elder Sister" (Doran), a novel in which he treats the theme of two sisters in love with one man in such a way as to permit of its tragedy being mingled with comedy; Hugh Walpole announces a novel with the piquant title "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" (Doran), Anthony Hope makes his bow to the public again with "Little Tiger" (Doran), one of those stories of English society in which he has on occasions in the past been so happily clever. A. S. M. Hutchinson in his "One Increasing Purpose" (Little, Brown) presents himself in thinly veiled disguise in a tale which is marked by the earnestness characteristic of the author; Hilaire Belloc weaves an ingenious and jocose story in his sportive fooling with the identity of "Mr. Petre" (McBride); G. K. Chesterton yields to his love of the paradoxical and the diverting in his "Tales of the Long Bow" (Dodd, Mead); David Garnett on the other hand to a great degree discards the curious and in "The Sailor's Return" (Knopf) presents a story that is none the less effective because it lacks in great part the daring fantasy that lent his earlier works their quality, and Francis Brett Young in "Cold Harbour" (Knopf) weaves a tale of mystery and supernormal happening that for at least half of its length is as cleverly sustained as any book of the sort we have read, but which, if truth be told, falls off in the second part.

To turn to the American novelists: Willa Cather in "The Professor's House" (Knopf) displays anew her delicate artistry while Sherwood Anderson proves once again that he has one of the most interesting minds among contemporary authors of fiction in his "Dark Laughter" (Boni & Liveright) a projection of the irony of passion; Elinor Wylie triumphantly demonstrates that her remarkable fancy, brilliant gift for colorful language, and ability to create an exotic scene and atmosphere that are yet plausible and convincing have suffered no diminution in the interval between the writing of "Jennifer Lorn" and her new book, "The Venetian Glass Nephew" (Doran). In "Thunder on the Left" (Doubleday, Page) Christopher Morley's ability shows an enrichment that lifts him from the ranks of the delightful novelists to that of the considerable ones.

A book that has achieved distinction through its winning of the prize offered by Harpers for the best tale submitted in its novel competition is Anne Parrish's "The Perennial Bachelor", a romance laid in Wilmington, Delaware, and depicting the decline of a family through a period beginning about the time of the Civil War, and continuing to the present. Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer" (Harpers), announced for publication in the near future is said to be a highly impressionistic study of American life, in the Joyce manner, and is a volume that will be awaited with interest. The international minded will find much to hold their attention in L. R. Lysaght's "My Tower in Desmond" (Macmillan), a portrayal of recent events in Ireland.

Novels of the American scene, interesting in that they seem to indicate a recession of the wave of bitterness that marked such books a short time ago, include among their number "Taboo," by Wilbur Daniel Steele (Harcourt, Brace), "Women," by Booth Tarkington, (Doubleday, Page), a portrayal of suburban life, "Wanderings," by Robert Herrick (Harcourt, Brace), "The Kenworthys," by Margaret Wilson (Harpers), "Runaway," by Floyd Dell (Doran), the story of a father and daughter; "A Bush That Burned," by Marjorie Barkley McClure (Minton, Balch); "Wind," an anonymous tale (Harpers); "The Office," by Nathan Asch (Harcourt, Brace), "An American Tragedy," by Theodore Dreiser (Boni & Liveright), the first novel to appear from its author's pen in ten years; "Porgy," by Du Bose Heyward (Doran), a depiction of Southern negro life; "P. A. L." by Captain Felix Riesenberg (McBride), the chronicle of a business adventurer extraordinary," "And They Lived Happily Ever After," by Meredith Nicholson (Scribners); "All the Sad Young Men," (Scribners), a volume of short stories by F. Scott Fitzgerald; "Possession" (Stokes), a novel in which Louis Bronfield reintroduces some of the characters of his "The Green Bay Tree" and depicts the progress of an American girl, brought up in a mill town in the Middle West, through various circles of society to the life of New York and Europe; and "Prairie," by Walter Muilenburg (Viking Press), a strong novel in which a new writer proves his mettle. Kathleen Norris, in "Little Ships," (Doubleday, Page), has sketched her tale against the background of San Francisco, while in "Bread Givers" (Doubleday, Page) Anna Yezierska depicts life in the New York Ghetto. Emily Post of "Book of Etiquette" fame has shown the social code at work in a novel entitled "Parade" (Funk & Wagnalls). In "Glass Window" (Little, Brown) Lucy Furman again depicts the "quare women" of the southern mountains. Other books that should have mention are Pierre Coalfleet's "Hare and Tortoise" (Duffield), a book which ran serially in the *Forum;* "The Rector of Maliseet," by Leslie Reid (Dutton), a promising novel by a new author; "The Madonna of the Barricades" (Harcourt, Brace), a book which introduces the noted English editor and author for the first time in the rôle of a novelist; Gilbert Parker's historical novel, "The Power and the Glory" (Harpers), a story of the days of La Salle; Martin Armstrong's "At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses" (Harpers); "Romance—The Loveliest Thing," by Dorothy Black (Holt); "Quest," by Katharine Newlin Burt (Houghton Mifflin); "Greenery Street," by Denis Mackail (Houghton Mifflin); "Shanklin," by Webb Waldron (Houghton Mifflin); "The Marriage Guest," by Konrad Bercovici (Boni & Liveright); "The Swinging Caravan," by Achmed Abdullah (Century); "Dr. Transit," by I. S. (Boni & Liveright); "The Chicken Wagon Family," by Barry Benefield (Century); "Peter Vacuum," by Anthony Gibbs (Dial); "The Great Pandolfo," by W. J. Locke (Dodd, Mead); "The Red Lamp," by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran); "The Selmans," by V. R. Emanuel (Dial); "Romeo in Moon Village," by George Barr McCutcheon (Dodd, Mead); "Andrew Bride of Paris," by Henry Sydnor Harrison (Houghton Mifflin); "The Misty Flats," by Helen Woodbury (Little, Brown); "Queen's Folly," by Stanley J. Weyman (Longmans, Green), a romance of stagecoach days in England; "Ernestine Sophie," by Sophia Cleugh (Macmillan); "The Happy Failure," by Solita Solano (Putnam); "Samuel Drummond," by Thomas Boyd (Scribners); "These Mortals," by Margaret Irwin (Seltzer); "Ransom," by Anthony Richardson (Small, Maynard); "The Brand of the Beast," by Michael Lewis (Dial); "We Must March," by Honoré Willsie Morrow (Stokes); "The Unhurrying Chase," by H. F. W. Prescott (Dodd, Mead); "Men Marooned," by George Marsh (Penn); and "Friends of Mr. Sweney," by Elmer Davis (McBride).

Among the translations of foreign novels are many interesting titles. Macmillan is publishing Karel Capek's "Krakatit", a novel of underworld intrigue and adventure that opens up weird bypaths; Simon & Schuster are issuing Schnitzler's "Fraulein Else;" the Viking Press have brought out Hauptmann's "The Island of the Great Mother;" Doran published a short time ago a delightful Japanese romance, "The Tale of Genji," by Lady Murasaki; Putnams have brought out Jean Cocteau's "The Grand Ecart;" the



WHAT is it about the Scots dialect that makes Scotch dialect poetry so haunting? Or is the magic not in the dialect but in the fact that the Scotch are not only a canny but also an uncanny people, haunted by ghostly grandeur, "by old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago," by the natural melancholy of crag and tarn? The Scotch temperament is certainly courageous, independent, romantic in the extreme. "Broad Scots" is a language full of astonishingly expressive phrase. Scotch poetry leaves its deep impress for both of these reasons. The Irish have many words and phrases just as strangely evocative and full of original observation. Irish dialect is delightful, Celtic melancholy the very stuff of poetry, and we learn from the encyclopædia that Scotland received its name from the Scots who arrived thither from Ireland. There are many similarities indeed between the Caledonians and the Hibernians when they turn to the arts. The peculiar intermixture of humor with pathos in much of their finest writing is a case in point. But we do not intend here to enter into a discussion of comparative merits. Both races are grand singing and fighting races. Today it merely happens to be Scotch poetry that prompts our musing. Scotch poetry, as we hope to show is still intensely alive. One does not have to go back to the old ballad books entirely to prove the Scotch a poetic people. There is plenty of fresh evidence of their genius in the art.

When a Scot speaks of the "braw birlin' airth," he gives one, somehow, an entirely fresh conception of this oblate spheroid upon which we precariously cling. And even when a Scot writes in English his rhymes take on a distinct old claymore clang. We are thinking especially, at the present moment, of the distinguished work of one fine romantic Scot, Neil Munro. The very titles of many of his romances, published by Blackwood, give one his temper. He wrote "Doom Castle" and "John Splendid." His is "The Lost Pibroch," "Children of Tempest," "The Daft Days" and "Shoes of Fortune." In his "Lament for MacLeod of Raasay" he produced what is our idea of a great and stirring poem. And, as we would far rather have you read the "real thing," than listen to our own mediocre comments upon it, here is that "Lament," in full for all lovers of poetry to exult in:

Allan Ian Og Macleod of Raasay,
Treasure of mine, lies yonder dead in Loose,
His body unadorned by Highland raiment,
Trammelled, for glorious hours, in Saxon trews.
Never man before of all his kindred
Went so apparelled to the burial knowe,
But with the pleated tartan for his shrouding,
The bonnet on his brow.

My grief! that Allan should depart so sadly,
When no wild mountain pipe his bosom wrung,
With no one of his race beside his shoulder,
Who knew his history and spoke his tongue.
Ah! lonely death and drear for darling Allan!
Before his ghost had taken wings and gone,
Loud would he cry in Gaelic to his gallants,
"Children of storm, press on!"

Beside him, when he fell there in his beauty,
Macleods of all the islands should have died;
Brave hearts his English!—but they could not fathom
To what old deeps the voice of Allan cried,
When in that strange French countryside, war-battered,
Far from the creeks of home and hills of heath,
A boy, he kept the old tryst of his people
With the dark girl Death.

O Allan Ian Og! O Allan aluinn!
Sore in my heart remembering the past.
And you of Raasay's ancient gentle children
The farthest-wandered, kindliest and last.
It should have been the brave dead of the islands
That heard ring o'er their tombs your battle-cry,
To shake them from their sleep again, and quicken
Peaks of Torridon and Skye!

Gone in the mist the brave Macleods of Raasay,
Far furth from fortune, sundered from their lands,
And now the last grey stone of Castle Raasay
Lies desolate and levelled with the sands;
But pluck the old isle from its roots deep planted
Where tides cry coronach round the Hebrides,
And it will bleed of the Macleods lamented,
Their loves and memories!

That is, indeed, the old heroic strain. It is such a lament as might have been made for Hector. It may ring strangely in our own cynical, cheaply chattering, and money-grubbing day, but it sounds like a trumpet. This poem is only one in a group collection from certain living Scottish poets, that we have read but do not possess. (Would that we did!) It was published five years ago by T. N. Foulis of Edinburgh and London and is called "Northern Numbers." It includes work by John Buchan, Joseph Lee, Neil Munro, Will Ogilvie (a writer whose poetry we have long clipped in fragment), Violet Jacob, Donald A. Mackenzie, Cairncross, Ferguson, the Grieves, and Roderick Watson Kerr, and it is dedicated to Munro himself. The work it presents is certainly comparable to the best work of the Georgian poets in England. In many cases it is far more indigenous and far sturdier a natural growth. Read "The Blades of Harden" by Ogilvie, "The Green Grass" by Joseph Lee, or "The Blue Men of the Minch" by Mackenzie. They will, we think, prove our contention. As for "The Whustlin' Lad" by Violet Jacob, a Scotswoman poet whose work is all too little known out of her native land, again we intend to quote in full, because it seems to us not only an achievement in dialect writing but also, in its four stanzas to contain many elements that should be a part of real poetry. It lives, breathes, entertains the mind, and moves the heart:

There's a wind comes doon frae the braes
when the licht is spreadin'
Chilly an' grey.
And the auld cock craws at the yett o' the muirland steadin'
Cryin' on day;
The hoose lies sound an' the sma' mune's deein'
and weary,
Watchin' her lane.
The shadows creep by the dyke an' the time seemse erie,
But the lad i' the fields he is whustlin',
whustlin' cheery,
Yont i' the rain.

My mither stirs as she wauks wi' her twa een blinkin';
Bedded she'll bide.
For foo can an auld wife ken what a lassie's thinkin'
Clase at her side?
Mither, lie still, for ye're needin' a rest fu' sairly,
Weary an' worn.
Mither I'll rise, an' ye ken I'll be warkin fairly—
An' I dinna ken wha can be whustlin'
whustlin' airly
Lang or it's morn!

Gin ye hear a soond like the sneck o' the back-door turnin'
Fash na for it;
It's just the crack i' the lum o' the green wood burnin'
Ill to be lit;
Gin ye hear a step, it's the auld mear loose i' the stable,
Stampin' the strae
Or mysel' that's settin' the parritch-spunes on the table,
Sae turn ye aboot an' sleep, mither, sleep while ye're able.
Rest while ye may.

Up at the steadin' the trail of the mist has liftit
Clear frae the groond,
Mither breathes saft an her face to the wa' she's shiftit—
Aye, but she's soond!
"Lad, ye may come, for there's nane but mysel' will hear ye
Oot by the stair,
But whustle you on, an' I winna hae need to fear ye,
For, laddie, the lips that keep whustlin,' whustlin' cheery,
Canna dae mair!

Such are our exhibits, and before we leave the subject, we should also like to recall to you the modern Scots poet Charles Murray, to whose "Hamewith" Apdrew Lang once wrote a foreword. His "In the Country Places" was published by Constable in London five years ago. It has been reprinted by the same publisher. "Hamewith" went into a seventeenth impression—maybe by this time it has attained an even larger sale. Familiarity with "It wasna his wyte he was late," and "Gin I was God," from Murray's last volume would give one an idea of his flavor, but we have not space to quote them here. It seems to us, at any rate, that there is plenty of evidence that Scots poetry is by no means a thing of the past. The whole land is deeply imbued with a great poetic tradition, a great singing tradition. The pipes still play.

W. R. B.

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(*Continued from page 223*)

Viking Press have published Strindberg's "The Confession of a Fool," and Harcourt, Brace have issued Wassermann's "Faber, or The Lost Years."

It is in the field of biography that some of the most important publications of the season fall. Those who have read in the *World's Work*, the letters of Viscount Grey which were there printed will welcome with intense eagerness the two volumes in which under the title "Twenty-five Years" (Stokes) he has furnished a commentary on a period which ended in one of the most dramatic epochs of history. This is biography which is history and which will hereafter have to be considered in any writing that is done on the war. So, too, will be the third volume of Page's letters, soon to be issued (Doubleday, Page), a volume which we are credibly informed is even more interesting than those which have preceded it and only less interesting than that which our same informant tells us it may never be deemed expedient to publish.

The student of history will find in the fall announcements a number of books that should make a most valuable addition to his library. Among these are the "Diaries of George Washington," edited by John C. Fitzpatrick (Houghton Mifflin); "The Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson," by Francis W. Hirst (Macmillan), and what should be an excellent companion volume to it "Correspondence of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, 1812-1826" (Bobbs-Merrill); "Aaron Burr," by Samuel W. Wandell and Meade Minnegerode (Putnam); "Increase Mather," by Kenneth P. Murdock (Harvard University Press); the "Memoirs of William Jennings Bryan," by Himself and His Wife (Winston); "Calvin Coolidge: The Man Who Is President," by William Allen White (Macmillan); Life and Letters of James Abram Garfield", edited by Theodore C. Smith (Yale University Press); "Lord Timothy Dexter," by J. P. Marquand (Minton, Balch), the biography of an eccentric merchant of colonial Newburyport; "An Old-Fashioned Senator," by Harris Dickson (Stokes), and "Wives," by Gamaliel Bradford (Harpers).

If, as Carlyle said, history is the essence of innumerable biographies, that science ought to profit from another group of books which ranges the European field. Foremost, perhaps, among these volumes is Albert Bigelow Paine's "Joan of Arc" (Macmillan), a two-volume biography which portrays the Maid not only as her biographer sees her but as her own words and those of her contemporaries reveal her. Two other famous women of European history come in for attention, the one Catherine the Great of Russia, in a study by Katharine Armstrong (Knopf), and the other Beatrice Cenci, whose tragic history has been recounted by Conrado Ricci (Boni & Liveright). In the "Life and Memoirs of Count Molè," edited by the Marquis de Noaille (Doran) is presented a record of the activities of a Minister of Justice under Napoleon, based upon his own diaries. The "Correspondence of Earl Russell," edited by G. P. Gooch (Longmans, Green) and St. John Ervine's "Parnell" (Little, Brown), which latter has aroused considerable animated discussion in England, are also worthy of note.

In the realm of literary and artistic memoirs there is also a goodly showing, ranging from such a work as Jeannette Marks's "Genius and Disaster" (Adelphi), excursions into the lives of drug and liquor addicts among the literary fellowship, and Mrs. Bennett's intimate discussion of her husband, Arnold Bennett, to such exhaustive studies as "The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh," edited by Lady Raleigh (Macmillan), "John Singer Sargent: His Life and Work," by William Howe Downes (Little, Brown), "The Life and Letters of John Burroughs," by Clara Barrus (Houghton Mifflin), the new edition of "The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne," by Wilbur Cross (Yale University Press), and the "Letters of Bret Harte," edited by Geoffrey Bret Harte (Houghton Mifflin). Jean Jacque Brousson's "Anatole France Himself" (Lippincott), which attained a sensational success in France, is proving exceedingly popular in its English version, while another biography of a Frenchman w
"The Memoirs of
ited by Arthur Kin

John Gould Fletcher's "Paul Gauguin: His Life and Art," (Frank-Maurice) and John Drinkwater's "The Pilgrim of Eternity: Byron—A Conflict" (Doran) are interesting not only because of their subject-matter but as interpretations by poets of other artists. An interesting by-product of the "Letters of Edgar Allen Poe" (Lippincott) which she edited is Mary Newton Stanard's "The Dreamer," (Lippincott), a romantic rendering of the life of the poet. Other biographies which should have mention are "The Life and Letters of Anton Checkov" (Doran), containing hitherto unpublished correspondence of the Russian writer and others; Frank Scudamore's "A Sheaf of Rain"; Mary Lawton's "A Lifetime with Mark Twain" (Harcourt, Brace) and Joseph Pennell's "The Adventures of an Illustrator" (Lippincott); "Beau Brummel" (Doran) and "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (Houghton Mifflin), both by Lewis Melville, and "Robert Owen," by G. D. H. Cole (Little, Brown).

Biographies that cover the recent years and whose personalities are familiar at least to the elders of our time are also appearing this fall in pleasing variety. Among them mention should be made of Lillie Langtry's "The Days I Knew" (Doran), H. W. Nevinson's "More Changes, More Chances" (Harcourt, Brace); Mrs. E. W. Ward's "Memories of Ninety Years" (Holt), Joseph Bucklin Bishop's "Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years" (Scribners), a book which should contain much entertaining and illuminating incident; "Forty Years of It," by Brand Whitlock (Appleton); Life and Letters of William T. Stead, edited by Frederick Whyte (Houghton Mifflin), "Youth and the East," by Edmund Candler (Dutton), an unconventional biography; "Confessions of a Reformer," by Frederick C. Howe (Scribners); Iconoclast's life of J. Ramsay MacDonald (Seltzer); Ida M. Tarbell's "Life of Judge Gary" (Appleton) and Herbert Quick's "One Man's Life" (Bobbs-Merrill), a book which acquires a melancholy interest from the untimely death of its author.

Certainly Alexander Black chose a provocative title for his book of essays when he called it "American Husbands and Other Alternatives" (Bobbs-Merrill). What are the alternatives? Here is a book that arouses curiosity. We give you three guesses as to what A. Edward Newton means by "The Greatest Book in the World" (Atlantic Monthly Press). It doesn't need more than one, of course. What else could it be but the Bible? But we wager that unless you are a scholar you can't tell what fascination lurks behind the cryptic title "Panchatantra" (Chicago University Press). It's worth while investigating, however, for these folk-tales from the Sanskrit which Arthur Ryder has edited, and which, boiled down from his larger work into a smaller volume called "Gold's Gloom," issued simultaneously with the former, contain as much of the poetry and charm of the Orient as is anywhere to be found between covers. "Letters to a Lady in the Country" (Scribners) you will recognize if you read our neighbor, *Books*, as the sprightly correspondence that ran in its pages. Its author now stands confessed as the editor of that journal, Stuart P. Sherman. Readers of periodicals will have had their appetites sufficiently whetted by the instalments of Edith Wharton's "Art of Fiction" (Scribners) which have been running to covet her book when it appears. Other volumes that excite interest are Anna Bosworth Green's "Dipper Hill" (Century), a collection of Vermont sketches, Aldous Huxley's "Along the Road" (Doran), Sir Arthur Quiller Couch's "Charles Dickens and Other Victorians" (Putnam). "Studies in Seven Arts," by Arthur Symour (Dutton); and "Many Furrows," by Alpha of the Plough (Dutton are volumes that should be noted. "Literary Lanes and Other By-Ways," by Robert Cortes Holliday (Doran) "Pencillings," by J. Middleton Murry (Seltzer), "The English Comic Characters," by J. B. Priestly (Dodd, Mead), "Foolish Fiction," by Christopher Ward (Holt), a collection of genial parodies many of which have appeared in the *Saturday Review*, "Wanderings and Diversions," by E. V. Lucas (Putnam), and "Americana," by Milton Waldman (Holt). A volume that has been eagerly awaited is now announced in George Santayana's "Di-
bo" (Scribners), while a
a library should covet is
ed on next page)

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 223*)

her first love affair by the cold blooded scheming of her elder step-sister. Instead of finding union wth the man of her choice, Ginestra is led into marriage with an ambitious, powerful official of the British colonial government who desires her only for the help she will be to him in achieving higher posts and greater prosperity. It is clearly foreshadowed that the pair will be unhappy, and after three years of wretchedness for Ginestra the tie that binds them is finally dissolved, leaving her free to wed the lover of her early youth. Ginestra's poignant experience in her ill-fated first marriage is sympathetically and convincingly related, despite the occasional appearance of that disreputable old ally, coincidence.

THE OFFICE. By NATHAN ASCH. Harcourt, Brace. 1925. $2.

This book consists, first of three staccato impressions of "Wall Street", "The Voice of the Office", and "The Office"; second, of fourteen chapters showing the reactions of all the different members of the particular brokerage office described upon the occasion of its sudden failure. These latter narratives and semi-soliloquies are influenced in style by Sherwood Anderson. The author is given to certain curious solecisms. He often uses "like" for "as" and "would have" for "had", not idiomatically but carelessly. The book is, in fact, written loosely and hastily. Nevertheless, its structure interests, and its insight into human nature lifts it above the ruck. Mr. Asch examines a number of Wall Street types with considerable understanding. He unreels a jerky, kinetoscopic, kaleidoscopic film concerning a section of the Street and the life Downtown. He is both pitiless and sympathetic. The pettiness and tawdriness, together with the large puzzling tragedy of most human lives,—these aspects of commercial and financial existence are vividly revealed. Mr. Asch is a modern in method. He has not only read his Anderson but also his "Ulysses." He has not succeeded, in this novel, in creating his own idiom as yet, but there is distinct promise in the work. There are in it more than superficial observation, disillusionment that retains an almost avid interest in the human spectacle, cleverness of incident, and a pungent ironic sense. Chief among a number of natural gifts, no one of which he has yet perfected, is Mr. Asch's ability to penetrate the psychology of quite diverse human beings. We shall be interested to watch his development. We wish he would throw overboard Anderson's now exceedingly mannered device of phrase-repetition, and rid himself of some other eccentricities not his own; for his book is, in certain aspects, quite remarkable. A little flashy, a little thin,—but an interesting beginning.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY. By GILBERT PARKER. Harpers. 1925. $2.

There are few periods in history so romantic as that embracing the discovery and colonization of America; and there are probably even fewer which have fared so badly at the hands of the romancers. The great epic story of La Salle's exploration of the Mississippi suffers, in the rapid method of the popular author of "The Seats of the Mighty", from that curious blight which has always pursued early American history through the pages of the school text-books. One has to take Sir Gilbert's word for it, as far as this book is concerned, that La Salle was "one of the greatest men of all the ages, whose name abides forever," for in this remarkable collection of paper figures, bearing the well-known names from the history of France's American empire, there is nothing whatever to remind the reader that La Salle or any of the others were ever real men at all.

It is a curious world, inhabited by pure women, strong men, vile adventuresses, and black villains, in which all the motives are of the most charming simplicity, and in which the men who faced the vast and fearful opportunities of the new American empire speak uniformly like motion-picture title writers. La Salle is followed painstakingly through his difficulties with local opposition, intrigue, and
(*Continued on page 227*)

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The Prize Winner

Note: In connection with the serial publication of Joseph Conrad's unfinished novel "Suspense" in its issues of June 27 to September 12th, ***The Saturday Review of Literature*** *offered $1,000 in prizes for the best essays submitted on the probable ending of "Suspense." The contest closed at midnight, October 1st.*

The October 31st issue of *The Saturday Review* will contain the essay which shall have won the first prize of $500.00 in the Conrad Contest. The winners of the fifty four other prizes will also be announced in that issue and in later issues other prize winning essays will be published.

The judges—Captain David W. Bone, Joseph Hergesheimer and Professor William Lyon Phelps—are now reading the several hundred essays submitted. Their decision as to the merits of the essays will be made not only on the basis of the plausibility of the suggested ending but also its plausibility as the ending of a characteristic Conrad novel. In awarding the prizes they will take into consideration the literary quality of the essay as well as the ingenuity of the solution.

In accordance with the published rules of the Contest, the judges are considering no manuscripts which give an actual conclusion to "Suspense" as Mrs. Conrad has emphatically refused to permit the publication of any end to the novel.

Five cash prizes will be paid by *The Saturday Review* as follows:

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	50
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Fifty prizes consisting of any one volume of the limp leather edition of Conrad's works that the winners may choose.

To ensure your securing the October 31st issue and later issues containing the prize winning essays, it is advisable to instruct your Bookseller to reserve a copy of those issues for you or better, to enter a subscription for ***The Saturday Review*** *through your Bookseller or with the coupon below.*

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The Fall Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

George B. Ive's translation of "The Essays of Montaigne" (Harvard University Press).

Amy Lowell's recent death makes of the appearance of her "What's O'Clock" (Houghton Mifflin) the occasion for a revival (if revival can be used where interest has never died down) of interest in her work as a whole. The publication of John G. Neihard's "The Song of the Indian Wars" (Macmillan) proves that poet one to be ranked high among the epical writers of the day. The issuance of the "Collected Poems of Vachel Lindsay" (Macmillan) affords opportunity to his admirers to review his work as a whole, while that of the "Selected Poems" of Edgar Lee Masters furnishes a volume into which the best of his output has been garnered. Among other volumes of poetry to make their appearance this fall mention must be made of "Tiger Joy," by Stephen Vincent Benét (Doran) "Priapus and the Pool," by Conrad Aiken (Boni & Liveright), "Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems," by Robinson Jeffers (Boni & Liveright), the "Oxford Book of Portuguese Verse," by A. F. G. Bell (Oxford University Press), and "Ballads and Lyrics," by Margaret Widdemer (Harcourt, Brace). In drama there is but a scant showing, though John Masefields's "The Trial of Jesus" (Macmillan) furnishes work of large interest, and Noel Coward's "The Vortex" (Harpers) affords theatre-goers an opportunity of judging of the literary merits of a popular play.

To return to history from which we swerved abruptly before. The general reader will find among weightier works such as Jacques Bainville's "History of France" (Appleton), R. Coupland's "The Quebec Act" (Oxford University Press), and Ephraim Emerton's "Humanism and Tyranny" (Harvard University Press), a group of books of lively character, and picturesque incident. Such volumes as Fred Erving Dayton's "Steamboot Days" (Stokes), "Steamboating on the Mississippi and Its Tributaries," by Herbert and Edward Quick (Holt), "The Taming of the Frontier," edited by Duncan Aikman (Minton, Balch), "Buffalo Days," by Col. Homer W. Wheeler (Bobbs-Merrill), and "Them Was the Days," by Owen P. White (Minton, Balch) are of a type eminently to appeal to those who like their history spiced with anecdote. A book that should find a wide public is that in which under the title, "Tolerance" (Boni & Liveright), Hendrik Van Loon has sketched the broadening of human thought throughout the ages, and another that should find an interested class of readers is the study in which Thomas F. Carter has traced the spread of one of the greatest liberalizing agencies in the history of civilization—"The Invention of Printing in China and Its Spread Westward" (Columbia University Press). Hilaire Belloc, who in the "Road" (Harpers) has presented a suggestive sketch of the influence of the road upon civilization, in the first volume of "A History of England" (Putnam) furnishes an interpretation from the Catholic point of view that will prove stimulating reading. The student of Catholic history in particular, as well as the historian in general, will welcome the appearance of Edna Kenton's "The Jesuit Relations" (A. & C. Boni), a book derived from the seventy-three volumes of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents", and thus making available to the general reader some of these vivid accounts, written in the heart of the wilderness, of the America of the seventeenth century. Those who desire more fragmentary reading will find opportunity for it in the essays in historical criticism which Lord Charnwood has published under the title "According to Saint John" (Little, Brown).

International relations of the present, which are the history of the future, come in for discussion in Ludwig Lewisohn's "Israel" (Boni & Liveright), a study of the place of the Jew in the world, in Konrad Bercovici's "On New Shores" (Century), a discussion of racial groups, in Raymond L. Buell's "International Relations" (Holt), Henry Cabot Lodge's "The Senate and the League of Nations" (Scribners), Richard Washburn Child's "A Diplomat Looks at Europe" (Duffield), and Gino Speranza's "Race or Nation" (Bobbs-Merrill), Harold J. Laski's "A Grammar of Politics" (Yale University Press), and a book on "Indians of the Enchanted Desert," by Leo Crane (Atlantic Monthly Press). In the field of science the Dayton trial brought into being a number of volumes on evolution, principal among them in importance being Kenshaw Ward's "Evolution for John Doe" (Bobbs-Merrill). Other works worthy of note are John Langdon-Davies's "The New Age of Faith" (Huebsch-Viking Press), and Thêophile Simar's "The Race Myth" (Seltzer).

Travel has now fully recovered apparently from the blow dealt it by the war and there are returning to the lists of books on voyaging many that once more deal with the recently pleasure-deserted Europe. Such are "Introducing London," by E. V. Lucas (Doran), "A Wayfarer in Hungary," by George A. Birmingham (Dutton), and "Touring through France," by Elizabeth Shackleton (Penn). But the greater number still depict the more distant and less familiar parts of the world. Such are "The Map That Is Half Unrolled," by E. Alexander Powell (Century), a record of travels in Equatorial Africa up the coast to Morocco; "Beyond Khyber Pass," by Lowell Thomas (Century), "Vanished Cities of Arabia," by Mrs. Steuart Erskine (Dutton), "Yes, Lady Saheb," by Grace Thompson Seton (Harpers); "A Chinese Mirror," by Florence Ayscough (Houghton Mifflin); "The Heart of Aryavarta," by the Earl of Ronaldshay (Houghton Mifflin); "Among Papuan Head-Hunters," by E. Baxter Riley (Lippincott) and "West of the Pacific," by Ellsworth Huntington (Scribners) and "Roving Through Southern China," by Harry A. Franck (Century). An interesting type of travel book is represented by such record of hardships surmounted as Sven Hedin's "My Life as an Explorer" (Boni & Liveright), and Captain Frank Hurley's "Argonauts of the South" (Putnam).

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Saturday Review of Literature published weekly at Cleveland, Ohio, for October 1, 1925.

State of Ohio } ss:
County of Cuyahoga }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry R. Luce, who having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Saturday Review of Literature and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Time, Inc., Penton Building, Cleveland, Ohio, Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Business Manager, Henry R. Luce, Penton Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) HENRY R. LUCE,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1925.

(Seal) R. A. Conkey.

(My commission expires Dec. 19, 1925.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 225*)

financial embarrassments with what seems to be a close attention to the documents, and there is only a shadowy attempt at a "story." But reality continually fades before speeches like: "She is naught, but you, have you also failed? Tell me all, Abbé;" and though "behind all was an air of drama and grim event," it seems to be left pretty far behind. Perhaps this is the way to make the discovery of America interesting; perhaps on the other hand it is the reason why Americans see Europe first.

THE INFORMER. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. Knopf. $2.50.

Gype Nolan, former member of the Dublin police force and present denizen of the underworld, betrays for money his outlawed comrade. Mr. O'Flaherty describes the successive events of the subsequent twelve hours in Nolan's life, now dominated by a sick conscience and the unaccustomed possession of twenty pounds. The subject is an admirable one. The reader perceives how it would have been treated by Dostoievsky, who remorselessly would have forced the reader to identify himself with the criminal and suffer with him a cumulative, inevitable progress of torture. Mr. O'Flaherty describes meticulously, but does not represent that progress. As a consequence the reader is invariably external to the character and the character's experiences. One contemplates Gype Nolan with a purely objective emotion, as one might look upon a figure by Rodin, equally brutish, equally strong, equally impotent. To this extent "The Informer" fails to achieve its intended effect. In a phrase, it may be said to fail because the author has applied to the material of Dostoievsky the method of De Maupassant. His method, in this instance, is inadequate to his material.

ETHAN QUEST: HIS SAGA. By HARRY HERVEY. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1925. $2.

This is the sort of book which will be begun by many readers and abandoned midway by perhaps fifty per cent of those who start it. It will be approached with zest for it is the story (so often told nowadays) of a young man who sees and hears and feels adventure and beauty but who is held down to commonplaces and worse by his sense of duty and force of circumstance. It will be abandoned because there is a continuous feeling of strenuous exertion and over-ambitious writing by Mr. Hervey. To be more explicit, he saddles every description with a sufficient number of similes and metaphors to furbish a telephone directory, and, worse than this, all his figures are first cousins! His sunsets are always pools of blood and are generally filled with agony in bringing forth the night.

It will be abandoned also because the reader will tire of living continuously

(*Continued on next page*)

The Readers Guide

A BALANCED RATION

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan).

LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER. By J. P. Marquand. (Minton, Balch).

CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES. By Andrew Kippis. (Knopf).

R. G. H., New York, asks for "business novels" of recent date, either criticizing or upholding our methods.

BUSINESS life provides the scenery for several novels, but in two of very recent date it is the life of the book. "P. A. L.", by Felix Riesenberg (McBride), is not to be summed up in a sentence; in the career of an American adventurer, whose most incredible features are those evidently taken from the newspapers, about every kind of bunk with which modern life has been complicated comes in for a passing whack. It is dazzlingly funny if you can but forget how much truth there is in it. Nathan Asch begins "The Office" (Harcourt, Brace) with a report of a brokerage shop that I hope will not turn people from reading on, thinking that is another "Adding Machine." For the office suddenly fails, and the real story is what happens to the souls that are thrown off by centrifugal force. The power of the book comes from its understanding that even if they are held or thrown by forces, they are individual souls, meeting each in his own way the catastrophe—or the adventure—of losing a job. The most popular business novels in years have been "Lottery" and "Bunk" by W. E. Woodward (Harper); they have been recommended to me again and again by business men.

M. S., Massachusetts, a clergyman asks what books will give the most satisfactory statement of the present status of the evolutionary theory, preferring "something that does not enter into the recent controversy with Mr. Bryan."

"THE Evolution of Man" (Yale University Press), contains six lectures by as many eminent authorities, given at Yale University: it follows "The Evolution of the Earth and its Inhabitants" and makes with this a survey of modern evolutionary knowledge. The layman can here find his way about in fields under exploration by biologists and paleontologists. "The Direction of Human Evolution," by E. C. Conklin, professor of biology at Princeton University (Scribner), has a new edition with a new preface; it is an illuminating and fortunately a widely-read survey of the subject in a single volume. It is named as one of the best books of its kind by Dr. Charles Francis Potter, in the sermon he was to have preached in Dayton during the Scopes trial—which now appears in the *Christian Register* for September 24 and is an excellent brief statement of the differences between liberal religion and fundamentalism. "Evolution," by Vernon Kellogg (Appleton), is a popular manual, using no words too technical for a general reader's vocabulary, telling what evolution must explain, its evidences and fundamental factors, shown in plants, invertebrate and vertebrate animals, and man, in his mental development and in that of society. "Man's Life on Earth," by Dr. S. C. Schmucker (Macmillan), is another lucid and non-polemic statement of the case: it has been praised by the *Nashville Tennesseean,* as its publishers point out with some elation of spirit. "The Earth Speaks to Bryan," by Henry Fairfield Osborn (Scribner), is not so controversial as the title sounds; Bryan is taken as a type and the evidence adduced set down, if not without heat, with plenty of light. It has several pages introducing the reader who desires further study, to the remarkable work to which Professor C. Lloyd Morgan, pupil of Huxley, gave a life's devotion, "Emergent Evolution," published not long since by Holt.

L. A. S., New Milford, Conn., is looking for a geography of this country "that not only describes the physical, economic, social, and political aspects as something stationary, but which also explains the present in terms of the past, laying some emphasis on historical factors and racial elements. The history and geography of our country used to seem very dull to me on account of the alleged sameness in the States. But experience has convinced me that differing historical backgrounds can impart vivid color. The articles recently appearing in the Nation give some clue to what I am interested in, though many of these are too impressionistic."

I QUOTE at length because these are the very reasons why I have spent so much time—and to such good advantage—in reading "North America," by J. Russell Smith (Harcourt, Brace), a single large and well-illustrated volume that tells more about our country than I have so far found between two covers. It quotes from "These United States," the series published by Boni & Liveright in two volumes, and this should be included in L. A. S.'s equipment. No one can complain of lack of "color" and "differences," in Professor Smith's book; it sweeps from sea to sea and leaves a sense of vast and varied possibilities.

G. H., Portland, Ore., asks for pleasant and stimulating biographies for reading aloud.

KEEPING to those of recent publication, two are so piquant and light-running that they carry some heavy matters with complete ease. Strictly speaking, neither is a biography, for neither "Anatole France Himself" nor "Table Talk of G. B. S." attempts more than to preserve for posterity some of the fleeting moments of everyday life and conversation. The first of these, a translation of Jean Jacques Brousson's "Anatole France en Pantoufles" (Lippincott), has just the slippered ease that the original title expressed: no wonder it has had such a brilliant success in French. It is quite definitely, however, for the adult reader. Mr. Shaw's sayings set down by Archibald Henderson, in the book of conversations published by Harper, are far more deliberate and determined: camera pictures where the others are sketches hastily caught on the cuff, but both books make the sort of reading constantly interrupted by discussion.

(*Continued on page 229*)

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Points of View

A Belated Call to Bryan

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

"With Wilson at the helm—all's well in England—we can do what we wish," said Walter Hines Page in one of his vivid letters. "But it raises doubts every time the shoe-string necktie, broad-brimmed black hat, oratorical, old-time River Platte kind of note is heard." He was referring, of course, to his chief, the then Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan. Page and Bryan are both now beyond hearing distance, yet both in politics and in religion, the old-time River Platte kind of a note is still being heard. Scientifically, one would never classify the note of Page, Bryan, or Henry Fairfield Osborn as of the same species, yet if Bryan's views are sound, they all must be and ever shall be the same. The call of the jungle is only too clear in our world-babbling. It may be that the roar of the beast is less æsthetic than the song of the bird, but there is little doubt that in a practical sense they have their roots and their motives in the same urge. From that point of view, I am constrained to give Mr. Bryan somewhat greater credit than Mr. Osborn. In "The Earth Speaks to Bryan" (Scribners) there is too much of the earthiness from which Mr. Osborn is vainly striving to escape. The oratorical volume from the regions of the shoe-string necktie is lacking in the style of Mr. Osborn, just as only too frequently the shoe-string necktie failed to keep Mr. Bryan's larynx from expanding. As one with his ear to the earth, Mr. Osborn has the arguments entirely on his side; as one with his throat raised to heaven, Mr. Bryan was supreme. Thereby we prove that inasmuch as Mr. Bryan chose to leave the confines of the earth altogether so suddenly, he must have been in closer communion with his sphere; and inasmuch as Mr. Osborn is still on the earth with us, we can only hope that he will continue to keep his ear close to the earth.

It would not be fair to consider Mr. Osborn's little volume, "The Earth Speaks to Bryan" in the sense of an answer to Mr. Bryan's arguments. It is in fact, only an enlargement of Mr. Osborn's reaction to a sentence or two of Mr. Bryan's. It is therefore not in the nature of a debate, but rather of a monologue. As such it is a very trustworthy and illuminating little volume. How any ecclesiast can argue against it is beyond me. It does not deny God; it simply reaffirms Mr. Osborn's conviction that God manifests Himself in every least little material creation. In vulgar parlance, it says to man that you mustn't look a gift horse in the mouth. God has given this world to us as it is, and it is for us to use it and to treasure it as such. God, in Mr. Osborn's thesis, speaks to us through the earth, ourselves being made of clay anyway, and therefore having no just right for false pride of origin. Mr. Osborn, unlike Mr. Clarence Darrow, is not an athiest. He is not even a deist. He is a Christian and a scientist, and he finds absolutely no conflict between the two, so far as his own reactions to life are concerned. What Mr. Osborn proves is not that the earth speaks to Bryan, but that it speaks to him. It has told him many marvellous things, beautiful things, things transcending all material realities. He even goes Bryan one better—as a scientist he deplores that such men as Dewey of Columbia, and McDougall, of Harvard, "have lost touch with the soul." When some time ago I had the pleasure—the unexpected pleasure—of finding myself at dinner beside a very charming gentleman who upon inquiry turned out to be Professor McDougall, I didn't notice that he had lost touch with the soul. I thought, on the contrary, that he was a very soulful man. But Mr. Osborn ought to know better. According to him, Professor Cattell, the psychologist, declared: "It is well known that psychology lost its soul long ago and is said now to be losing its mind." Cattell ought to know, too. Yet it seems that science, through this everlasting delving into the meaning of material phenomenon, has simply located the part of individual man that is beneath the threshhold, and that Freud and Jung may lead us back to the Hindu mystics. Mr. Osborn is an evolutionist. What that means to him, he has summed up in a single statement. "The Moral principle inherent in evolution is that nothing can be gained in this world without an effort; the ethical principle inherent in evolution is that only the best has the right to survive; the spiritual principle in evolution is the evidence of beauty, of order, and of design in the daily myriad of miracles to which we owe our existence." For a brief summary of one evolutionist's point of view, this little volume will suffice. It will not answer Mr. Bryan's followers; it will not satisfy the ultra-scientists and evolutionists; those who are undecided in their views will doubtless remain undecided. But it is just as safe to say that if Mr. Osborn extended this booklet into a five-foot shelf library on the subject he would still find that the world would fall into these three groups—antis, skeptics and the insatiable. The Earth speaks and God speaks, but only those who will, listen.

SYDNEY GREENBIE.

The Book Game

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW:
Sir:

You were kind enough to ask me to write a letter about the book "Game." What the reading public say in regard to books and authors. It is a wonderful study of human nature—meeting so many different types of men and women—yet all akin in their respect and, in some cases, love and esteem for books, as friends and companions.

Some men will tell you that their "dissipation" is reading. Some say they do not smoke; others do not drink; so they feel justified in indulging their hobby in that way.

Books are essentials in almost everyone's life. Yet there is the "comedy" side, for some people will ask, "Are any of these books good?" There will be about two hundred books of fiction by the best known writers of same, from the "best sellers" to the first book by a new author.

If some of these writers of the "best sellers" heard some of the remarks about their books they would get such a "jolt" that it would make them come down to the earth earthy with a thud.

So many people decry the cost of books. A wealthy cotton broker said they were too expensive. Yet the increased cost of cotton has a direct bearing on the price of a book. It is on record that one well known writer forfeited his royalties on a book that was expected to go over big and failed to do so; he did this voluntarily. If some of his associates would be as honorable, the publishers and dealers would not have so much undesirable stock on their shelves.

One good reason for "best sellers" is that it starts conversation: "Oh, Mrs. S., have you read the 'Brass Ape?'" etc. "You should read it—wonderful." Someone else will mention "The Blue Coat": "Oh, that's punk." Yet that is what keeps up the demand—the public's curiosity. Lots of worth while books are neglected, because of the comments about best sellers.

One foreign writer's latest book went over "big" yet an earlier story was scarcely read. The latest one was "balley rot"—so it runneth.

It is the books that live longer than a season that count; brought out in different editions; in less expensive bindings; within the reach of all; that should be the aim of progressive publishers—so every book lover could own more books—especially those with a limited purse. Some people's love of books is like love of home and family. Slogan:—More Books—Better Books.

The need and craving for books from young and old alike should cause an author to write to benefit his fellow man and not altogether for the commercial end.

LETITIA A. HOFFNER.

Norfolk, Va.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

in an atmosphere which is "purple" or "hazy" or "misty" and observing objects which are so obscured that they appear "diaphanous" "gauzy," "shadowy" and "tenuous." Almost the book might be recommended as a thesaurus of words denoting the various qualities of the atmosphere at twilight and of objects studied on an unusually dull day in Lunnon.

But those who abandon the book will miss an interesting development in the conclusion. Not every unwilling slave of tradition and duty kicks over the traces. And, Ethan Quest is the first of our acquaintance to travel the South Seas with a Man Friday and to learn from native priests and the lady of his dreams some of the sound secrets revealed in the latter pages of the book.

"Ethan Quest" is not an achievement, but it is a better story than you will realize while you are feeling your way through Mr. Hervey's purple twilights and gossamer dawns.

WINNERS AND LOSERS. By ALICE HEGAN RICE AND CALE YOUNG RICE. Century. 1925. $2.

Mr. and Mrs. Rice each contribute five short stories to this volume of ten tales, the items having been written as distinct entities by the individual author and without entrance into collaboration. They are remarkable more for the variety of scenes presented than for anything distinctive in plot or character portraiture. Here and there an unusual note is struck in situation or human values, but not often. All are sweetly wholesome and free from sex problems except the last, (our choice of the best in the book and by Mr. Young). It has to do with a young returned soldier who brings home from overseas a very difficult living puzzle for the solution of his wife. The tale is out of the ordinary. So much cannot be said for its nine companions.

THE PENCILLED FROWN. By JAMES GRAY. Scribner's. 1925. $2.

Timothy Wynkoop, three months out of college, gains the post of dramatic critic on the leading newspaper of a Middle West city. Inflated by his position, he sees himself in no far-distant future heralded in continental literary journals as "Timothy Wynkoop, probably the most distinguished critic America has produced." His efforts to act the part for the destiny awaiting him, his constant posing, and the effect it has on his friends lead to many droll situations. The entire story seems a satire on the aspirations and pretentions of our young "intelligentsia." The character of Timothy is contrasted sharply with the character of a sensible matter-of-fact girl, Sidney, with whom he falls desperately in love, and who finally succeeds in bringing him down to solid earth.

Mr. Gray tells an interesting story, and tells it with a strong touch of humor. His characters are drawn in clean-cut fashion, and are true to the life they represent. He has here shown keen powers of analysis and observation. We wonder if possibly Mr. Gray, in recounting Timothy's struggles, does not recall a passing phase in his own career.

HULING'S QUEST. By MCCREADY HOUSTON. Scribner's. 1925. $2.

In this novel the ideals and standards of a declining American aristocracy are set in contrast to the social chaos wrought by the newly rich. The story is of Ethan Hulings, a young American architect who strictly adheres to the ethics of his profession and seeks beauty in the pure colonial domestic forms. Revolted by the showy importations and dishonesty of other architects, he frightens away clients. At length Joab Martin, a coal millionaire, gives him a free hand, but before the job is finished Martin collapses financially. Martin is a climber, Hulings and other characters are of old families, and the clash between these groups and their partial fusion through a marriage are elements which contribute to the theme.

THE MISTY FLATS. By HELEN WOODBURY. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.

The mother-and-daughter theme, less from the Freudian angle than from the point of view of the New England feminists of fifteen years ago, is the basis of Helen Woodbury's first novel. She has written the story of Linda Bradley, growing up in a Connecticut town from a whimsical and imaginative child to a buoyant and mildly unconventional young woman of twenty-five who desires a career and the young man of her heart, yet who lets herself be increasingly smothered and absorbed by her empty-headed, pretty, selfish mother. In the last sentence of the book Linda finally gives up the struggle and instead of leaving her mother and finding her own life, "she groped her way back through the little front gate. She only knew as she shut the green front door, the little crowding hills seemed to swoop down behind her, closing her in—stifling her."

"The Misty Flats" is a curiously disappointing book, a book of sufficient substance to arouse in the reader something akin to resentment that it is not better. Written with so evident a seriousness and, in parts, competently enough done to make one hope for the successful realization of its essentially important subject matter, it nevertheless fails. Linda, the daughter, is the only character who achieves any degree of reality, and even in Linda one has the feeling that the author is reproducing a romanticized and rosy-spectacled version of herself. It is fatally easy to remember oneself as a quaint, misunderstood child. The mother is so unintelligent, so stagily pretty and self-centered, that she might almost be the typical story-book neglectful mamma of the Louisa M. Alcott School and the Victorian era. Linda's father, her first suitor Jerry, her second one Peter, are respectively the stereotypes of the understanding country doctor, the athletic, obvious young college man, the erratic poet dreamer. The background of the Connecticut town, peopled with mothers whose highest ambition is to have their daughters make good cake, do fancy embroidery and keep their dresses unmussed, is authentic but to most New Englanders it will prove a surface picture only, and the New York setting of conventional boarding school or unconventional "Village" is almost ludicrously superficial. But the tension in the mind of Linda, the waves of affection and pity for her mother which rise to defeat her own rebellion, are vitally real and we are made to watch the slow levelling process of a commonplace personality working on a character of originality and intensity. Miss Woodbury has enough felt and conveyed this most frequent of human tragedies to let us hope that in a second book she may be able to write about wholly real people, and to cast off the conventionality and sentiment that lessen the importance of her first work.

THE ROAD. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Harpers. 1925. $3.

Mr. Belloc has asserted that he can write upon anything, but is a specialist in travel and all that pertains thereto. He is right. No one in our time wields a more trenchant prose and no better prose than his has been devoted to pure description of geography in its artistic and human values. This book is essentially an essay on roads in their relation to history; the reason why this road runs on the highlands and this other on the lowlands, the effect of a road's primitive placement on the establishing of cities and the development of civilization, how Sussex remained pagan long after the rest of England was Christian because it had no roads, and why it had no roads; how military necessity makes one kind of road system and political necessity another; how the social and political history of France and England in the sharp contrasts it presents could be deduced from the organization of their roads; the way in which kind of traffic, nature of terrain, condition of the people determine the course and nature of roads; the life and death of roads. This is a very original book, full of new ideas, and (Mrs. Belloc is a specialist on travel) sound. The methods of constructing roads do not interest him: this is not a book for an engineer. But how a road is built will prove to be far less interesting than why it was built and the subtle effect upon men, stretching through historical periods, and more active today than ever before. Walkers, automobilists, and historians should read this book.

THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE. By ALBERT HYMA. Century. 1925. $4. $4.

Five hundred pages of elaborate and thorough scholarship, fortified by exhaustive research in European archives, are here devoted to a study which is an un-

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questionable contribution to the history of Europe. The Devotio Moderna, that late fourteenth and early fifteenth century religious reform in Holland, centering about the lives of Gerard Groote, Florentius Radewijns, Thomas à Kempis, and Wessel Ganfort, has for the first time had justice done to its importance. The author traces both the Reformation and the Catholic Counter-Reformation to this common source. While he, perhaps, with the pardonable zeal of a discoverer, sometimes overstates his theses, there can be no question that his work must be taken account of in any future treatment of the period. The value of the matter atones for frequent infelicities of style. We are prepared, for example, by page 169 to admit that "It is not surprising that Thomas wrote the best biographies of Groote, Radewijns, and Zerbolt" without needing the reassurance on page 176 that "It is no wonder that to Thomas à Kempis we owe the best biographies of Groote, Radewijns and Zerbolt". Similar repetitions and much trite phraseology make the reading somewhat arduous.

Miscellaneous

EVERYDAY MEALS FOR INVALIDS. By *Mary Tremel.* Greenberg. $1.25.
THE LANGUAGE OF ADVERTISING. By *John B. Opdycke.* Pitman. $3.50
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL LETTERING. By *E. G. Fooks.* Pitman. $1.
THE STANDARDIZATION OF WORKSHOP OPERATIONS. By *T. Pilkington.* Pitman. $4.50.
FIELD BOOK OF BIRDS OF THE SOUTHWESTERN UNITED STATES. By *Luther E. Wymann and Elizabeth F. Burnell.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.
PRACTICAL D. C. ARMATURE WINDING. By *L. Wollison.* Pitman. $2.25.
A GALLERY OF ROGUES. By *Charles Kingston.* Stokes.
WHEN THE MOVIES WERE YOUNG. By *Mrs. D. W. Griffith.* Dutton. $3.
ART OUT-OF-DOORS. By *Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.* Scribners. $2.50.
ADVERTISING. By *Sir Charles Higham.* Holt. $1.
MOTHER'S MANUAL. By *Dorothy Bocker.* Brentanos. $2.
ARMOUR AND WEAPONS IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By *Charles H. Ashdown.* Brentanos. $3 net.

Poetry

AN AUSTIN DOBSON ANTHOLOGY OF PROSE AND VERSE. Made by ALBAN DOBSON. Oxford University Press. 1925. $1.50.

This latest addition to the Oxford series of standard authors makes, as Sir Edmund Gosse in his foreword says, "a bouquet out of one of the most carefully arranged and exquisitely tended gardens in the whole of English literature." Austin Dobson was one of those delightfully anachronistic writers who crop up in the fields of literature all too rarely. He could write prose and verse in the most perfect style of the eighteenth century and many of his ballads, like that of Beau Brocade, reprinted here, could not be matched by the best of the poems on which they were modelled. His portraits and sketches contain some of the best *belleslettres* of the past hundred years. There is a taste of everything he did to be had in this little volume which is fit fare for the epicure in literature and literary style. It should have a large sale.

MODERN BRITISH LYRICS: AN ANTHOLOGY: Compiled by STANTON A. COBLENTZ. Minton, Balch. 1925. $2.

Not without some just cause our age has been called The Age of the Anthology. In the face of the recent multiplicity it is not surprising that the anthologist cannot rely upon public gratitude as one of his rewards. Mr. Coblentz has stepped in where more than one American angel might have feared to tread. Among the lesser known English poets of today he has discovered a score who have struck off some short lyric worthy of its place in an even better book than his. For so much gratitude is due. The defects of his book, its omissions and mistaken selections, even when such are not matters of mere opinion, could be discussed to the length of several columns. The same can be said of all but a very few anthologies. But it would be ungracious and ungrateful to go into detail over the body of Mr. Coblentz who has at least printed an unusually large number of poems by unknown people (many of whom are equally unknown in England) who, in more than one instance, have never even published their verse in volume form.

A fair sprinkling of the better known major writers is to be found in his pages, from Mr. Bridges and Mr. de la Mare (with one poem each) down to Mr. Drinkwater. But four poems by Mr. Gerald Gould in a book which contains nothing by Mr. Frank Kendon, Robert Graves, and Robert Nichols, is a difficult thing to account for even when we have allowed for the besetting obstacles of copyright. Yet to have completed such a comparatively thankless task at such a distance from the sources of his anthology, is a considerable feat and Mr. Coblentz is to be congratulated.

SELECTED POEMS. By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE. Appleton. 1925. $1.50.

Mr. Towne has been a notable magazine editor and a good friend to aspiring talent. He is also so likable as a man that, in common kindliness, one hesitates too drastically to criticize his work as a poet. Yet the opinion of this reviewer is that Mr. Towne writes verse, not poetry. It is often remarkably workmanlike verse. The sentiment is always laudable. There are occasional lines that have a noteworthy if somewhat theatrical beauty. But throughout this volume almost axiomatic statements are made with tedious solemnity. Cliché is piled upon cliché. Triteness runs rampant. A fine character and a sensitive temperament are perceived between the obvious turns of speech. But we simply cannot find in the book those urgent felicities of phrase, that kindling language that engenders what has been termed, rather ineptly, "the spinal thrill", the major qualities that distinguish the work of the true poet.

SONGS FROM THE ELIZABETHANS. Selected by J. C. SQUIRE. Dial Press. 1925. $1.50.

This is a volume Lincoln MacVeagh brings out in the Fireside Library, whose general editor is Arthur Compton-Rickett. Mr. Squire has done his work remarkably well. Were it only for several of the anonymous songs this collection would be notable. Here is the utterly charming Dialogue between Phyllida and Corydon from "England's Helicon, 1600", the rare and delicate "Appeal" from John Daniel's "Songs for the Lute, Viol and Voice, 1906", beginning,

Why canst thou not, as others do,
Look on me with unwounding eyes?

Here is "The Parting" from John Attye's "First Book of Airs, 1622", albeit a more familiar selection, and, of course, all of Shakespeare's incomparable songs. Mr. Squire pays proper tribute to the greatest of all English song-writers in his introduction. He makes acknowledgment for his selections to several sources. He has delved in a rich mine, in the period when poetry and instrumental music went featliest hand-in-hand. And his selection particularly pleases us, coming as it does at a time when poetry seems becoming more and more estranged from the rhythms and measures which have engendered the most beautiful pure singing.

ODES FROM THE DIVAN OF HAFIZ. By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. L. C. Page. 1925.

These renderings were first published in 1903. In his foreword "To the Reader" Mr. Le Gallienne explains how they were made "on the basis of two literal English translations of the poet." He also sketches rapidly who Hafiz was and speaks of his interpretation by the Sufis. He has brought a full romantic poet's equipment to the rendering of the ghazaels of the Persian poet into an English equivalent. He discusses the impossibility of translating literally the mono-rhyme and repetitive effects of the original. He has instead "employed such various lyrical forms as seemed best suited to the various themes and moods of the individual poems." Thereby he has retained their colour, verbal beauty, and fragrant charm, without breaking them upon the wheel of scholarship. He has conveyed their spirit in beautiful forms understandable of the English-speaking races. This is an exotic garland from the famous "Divan", pervaded by genuine poetry.

THE JEWISH ANTHOLOGY. Edited by EDMOND FLEG. Translated by Maurice Samuel. Harcourt, Brace. 1925. $3.50.

An important work has been done in this volume in that these collected extracts, from the Talmud down to modern Hebrew poetry give a complete picture of the inner life of the Jews as figured forth in entirely Jewish literature. This compilation was originally published in French as "L'Anthologie Juive", to present "a rapid fragmentary picture of Jewish spiritual experience from the beginnings to modern times." But the English edition (this, the first) is somewhat different from the original anthology. It begins, for instance, with the Hellenistic and Talmudic epochs, instead of with extracts from the Bible, the reason for which is explained in the preface.

Certain other material has been omitted, and a few additional poems from the living Hebrew poets included, to underline the rebirth of Hebrew literature. Each epochal section of the book is prefixed by an interesting chronology. We are enabled to follow the inner flame of Jewish life from Palestine, through Spain and the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, presented in prose and verse in hundreds of selections.

Mr. Samuel, the translator, is the author of "The Outsider" and "You Gentiles", the latter an analysis of western civilization from the Jewish standpoint. He is to be thanked for making M. Fleg's remarkable work now available in English.

THE HARP OF FATE. By WILLIAM F. KIRK. Small, Maynard, 1925.

WILL O' THE WISP. By DOROTHY DOW. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $1.75.

HILL FRAGMENTS. By MADELINE MASON-MANHEIM. Brentanos. 1925.

NEW POEMS. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $1.25.

Mr. William F. Kirk has gone in for the satirical gesture *née* Byron. His two longish poems, "The Harp of Fate" and "Forever" are what "Don Juan" might have been if Mr. Kirk had written it, which is to say, inconsequential. It is not that Byron's jaunty jibings at his age are any more profound than are Mr. Kirk's, of any finer philosophy. But there was method in his mad, loose stanzas. Mr. Kirk's stanzas are loose; they are never mad, and they certainly show no evidence of method.

Both Miss Dorothy Dow and Miss Madeline Mason-Manheim are in love; the former with flesh, the latter with the infinite. Miss Dow's kiss-me-again poems are gracefully turned, their cadence usually neat, their lines sprightly. Her verses should charm the many whose poetry of life is the plucking of immediate flowers. Miss Mason-Manheim's eternals and universals vision to us no vast horizons. There is in her entire book only one cadence that is really stimulating, but she who wrote it is indubitably a poet:

Lone worlds upon a lonely star,
Pilgriming in the night to farther skies.

In his latest volume of verse, Mr. John Drinkwater has included translations of eighteen German lyrics covering a period of some three centuries. These translations are delightful. In a prefatory note Mr. Drinkwater tells us that "the German lyric, even when it is on a philosophical errand, can move with as light and distinguished a grace as any French *madame* or English cavalier."

This statement holds true of his own poems. They are, most of them, on philosophical errands, but they move with a light and distinguished grace. It is perhaps because of this that the one long poem, "The Atom of God: A Vision," written in rhymed couplets, is less successful. Mr. Drinkwater is at his best in the intimate, gracious poem, such a one as "An Entry for Edmund Gosse's Library Catalogue."

Travel

MANCHURIA. By ADACHI KINNOSUKE. McBride. 1925. $5.

This corpulent handbook gives a comprehensive, readable survey of industrial Manchuria. With sufficient historical background for understanding present conditions, it describes the land, the people, the government, and the character and extent of Manchurian farming, forestry, mining, manufacturing, transportation, and foreign trade. Frequent illustrations and documented appendices add to the book's interest and value.

The author, unfortunately, is not Manchu but Japanese. National bias makes him whitewash Japanese aggression and minimize the antagonism which this has aroused in Manchus and other Chinese. He pictures the Chinese working amicably with their invaders but fails to see what other observers have reported—a growing Chinese bitterness toward Japan, and flaring posters that depict Nippon as a well-fed thief scurrying away with the rice of starving China. His defense of Japanese exploitation, and of the Twenty-one Demands of 1915, is pathetically lame.

Discounted for this leaning, and for ignoring the æsthetic and religious side of Manchu life, the book remains an adequate introduction to Manchuria in its industrial and international aspects. The author realizes, as must any student of the Orient, that conflicting forces of exploitation are making Manchuria a danger spot. His contribution to the understanding of this Eastern complication should be welcomed by every one interested in the peace of the Pacific.

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page 227*)

M. D., New York, asks for advice on a club program that will begin with a series of papers on men and women of the nineteenth century and include a similar series on prominent figures of today.

HOLT publishes a series of biographies called "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" that would outfit a program like this. The list is long and the standard of the series high. For the present-day celebrities, one could select from books like "Those Europeans," by Sisley Huddleston (Putnam), Philip Guedalla's "Supers and Supermen" (Putnam), the biography "Ramsay Macdonald," by "Iconoclast" (Seltzer), the works of the "Duster" man, especially "Windows of Westminster" (Putnam), in which his sympathies are evidently enlisted more than in some of his precedent subjects, and from the many delightful volumes of Gamaliel Bradford's "Portraits" (Houghton Mifflin). Some of these subjects of his are of the nineteenth century, some earlier, some almost in our time, but every volume adds to one's sense of getting on better terms of understanding with the human race.

J. S., New York, asks for books about West Africa: political, economic, and social conditions, native traditions and customs, with any works of fiction illustrative of these.

ONCE more I begin an African booklist—many of them I have made this year—with the little "Literary and Historical Atlas of Africa and Australasia," by J. G. Bartholomew, in Everyman's Library (Dutton). "Intervention and Colonization in Africa," by N. D. Harris and J. T. Shotwell (Houghton Mifflin), traces the origin and development of the colonial expansion movement, the policy of nations, and the methods by which it is carried out. It is chiefly from official sources. Harris's "Africa: Slave or Free" (Dutton) is strong in its arraignment of the abuses of white rule.

"Wild Bush Tribes of Tropical Africa," by G. C. Claridge (Dutton), and "Natives of the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast," by A. W. Cardinall (Dutton), are recent publications, finely illustrated, that describe native customs and conditions; an unusually valuable book for this region is R. S. Rattray's "Ashanti," published by the Oxford University Press. The United States Shipping Board published in 1920 "Trade and Shipping in West Africa, Senegal, Gambia, Ivory Coast, Gold Coast, Nigeria, and the Cameroons." For fiction, two books at once come to mind; one is the Goncourt Prize novel "Batouala" by René Morand (Seltzer), raw and revolting as literature but bearing unmistakable signs of honesty in its pictures of native life. The other is also a translation from the French, Tharaud's "The Long Walk of Samba Djiouf" (Duffield), which deserves to live for the impression it gives the reader of a native's emergence from the isolation of the ancient jungle, his part in a Great War to him quite incomprehensible, and his return from this "long walk" to take up life quite as he had left it.

L. H. R. H., Waterville, Me., hopes to spend a vacation in Palestine and needs books to prepare for it.

"THE HOLY LAND AND SYRIA", one of Frank G. Carpenter's series of "World Travels" (Doubleday, Page), is a large and beautifully illustrated volume—nearly a hundred pictures with maps—and detailed information. "The House of Fadeless Splendour", by George Napier Whittingham (Dutton), is as good as a travelogue; the pictures are unusually well-made color-reproductions. "Hilltops in Galilee", by Harold Speakman (Abingdon), is also illustrated in color, from the author's own paintings. All these are of recent publication, but the newest is Mrs. Steuart Erskine's "Trans-Jordan", a book of travels published by Benn Brothers. "The New Palestine", by W. D. McCrackan (Page), has not only descriptions of customs, scenery, and historic places, but discussions of its problems now disturbing the world and especially the British; economic, social, and racial.

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The Phoenix Nest

IN THESE days when the problem of air navigation seems to be so complicated by disaster, the poets at least are not downhearted. Last August *Stella Wolfe Murray*, an Englishwoman, informed us that in September her anthology, "The Poetry of Flight", would be published in London by Heath Cranton Ltd., with a foreword by the British Air Minister. * * * The book is in memory of all who have given their lives to aeronautical progress. Among the poems included is one by *James Elroy Flecker*, author of "Hassan"—a poem in the nature of a literary discovery, since it is not in Flecker's collected work, but was written back in 1907 for a journal on ballooning. * * * Anyone interested in the book may buy a copy for two dollars including postage by addressing S. Wolfe Murray, 6 Torrington Square, London, W. C. 1. * * * The prize of the platinum-buckled life-belt for the longest of titles should certainly go to *Gerard Hauptmann* for the appellation of his new novel. It is: "The Island of the Great Mother, or the Miracle of *Ile des Dames:* A Story from the Utopian Archipelago!" * * * *William Gerhardi*, author of "Futility" and "Polyglots" says his very existence is due to the mispronunciation of his name. * * * Gerhardi's father was a cotton-spinning mill owner in Petrograd, and during a local revolution his workmen tied him up in a coal sack to drown him in the Neva. Argument then arose as to whether he was not really the English Socialist, *Keir Hardy*. They asked him. * * * Still sitting in the sack the father of the novelist answered, "I am he and none else," explaining that Gerhardi was merely the Russian spelling for Keir Hardy! * * * Now that *Caillaux* has gone home, it may be interesting for some of you to read "The French Debt Problem," by *Harold G. Moulton* and *Cleona Lewis*, a really valuable discussion of the subject with the Aid of the Council and Staff of The Institute of Economics. It is published by the Macmillan Company. * * * All sea-lovers will enjoy "The Golden Age of Sail", by *Frank C. Bowen* (Milton, Balch). This is the last of a trilogy of quarto size, the other volumes being "Old Ship Figure-Heads and Sterns", by *C. Carr Laughton*, and "Sailing Ship Models," by *R. Morton Nance*. * * * For more than a hundred years, speaking of the sea, a manuscript lay in the drawer of an old bureau at St. Ives, Cornwall. *Crosbie Garstin*, the author of "Owls' House" and other romances, was instrumental in discovering it. Its title is *"Samuel Kelly:* An Eighteenth Century Seaman." Samuel was not only a first-rate skipper, but also kept a diary that was a combination log-book and autobiography. * * * It gives a complete record and a remarkable picture of the life of a British sailor in the Eighteenth Century. * * * From our principal literary adviser we hear great things of *Wells's* latest novel, "Christina Alberta's Father," despite Mr. *Laurence Stallings's* recent objections to it. We understand that it is highly amusing and rich in observation. And, as we have yet to find our p. l. a. at fault, we heartily recommend it second-hand. * * * *Nathalia Crane*, the new child poet, whose "The Janitor's Boy" surprised the critics, is now publishing a second volume of poems, "Lava Lane." * * * Nathalia wrote all of the poems in her first book before she was eleven years old, and now a young lady of twenty-one, *Frances E. Friedman*, has set ten of the poems in "The Janitor's Boy" to music. * * * The whole, text and music, is published by Seltzer under the title of the "Nathalia Crane Song Book," with an introduction by *Felix Deyo*, Music Editor of the Brooklyn Standard Union. * * * Seltzer, by the way, has just got out a booklet, "The First Five Years," reviewing his venture in publishing. The record is, certainly, an excellent one. * * * *Christopher Morley* sends us a picture postal from Paris of a certain chimæra of a famous cathedral. "Here," sezzee, "is a Phoenix uttering paradigms from his Nest upon Notre Dame. We are at the Burgundian headquarters of the III Hrs. for Lunch Club, and all the traditions are being observed." * * * *William Ellery Leonard's* "Two Lives" is available through the Viking Press, whose fortunes were recently linked with those of *B. W. Huebsch.* Mr. Huebsch has published Mr. Leonard's poetry for a number of years. * * * "Two Lives" was written in 1912, shortly after the occurrence of the tragic events that inspired it; but as it concerned several people still alive in the city where the poet lives, he decided to withhold publication. After ten years he let it be printed "as manuscript" for close friends. * * * Mr. Leonard has finally agreed to give the poem to the public, encouraged thereto by an English publisher who has declared "Two Lives" to be "the best poem that has ever come out of America." It is being published simultaneously in London and New York. It is a stirring personal narrative, well worth reading. The *News Chat* comes to us from Elwyn's News Store at Woodstock, N. Y. It is an attractive and intelligent little pamphlet. * * * *J. Henry Guntzer* of 51 North Regent Street, Port Chester, N. Y., sends us his catalogue of "Choice and Interesting Books." He has many first editions of *Lawrence, Machen, Conrad, George Moore, Aldous Huxley*, and others. * * * Dodd, Mead has just brought out *Anatole France's* "Penguin Island" in a new five dollar edition, illustrated in his inimitable manner by *Frank C. Papé.* * * * *William Stearns Davis* is in the line of Sienkiewicz and Lew Wallace in writing historical novels. His "Belshazzar, a Tale of the Fall of Babylon" is a gorgeous thriller of ancient days in the Orient. * * * *Felix Riesenberg* is not only the author of the serious novel "P. A. L." but also of a recent boys' book, "Bob Graham at Sea." Captain Riesenberg knows about everything worth knowing about salt-water life, and his juvenile ought to be a good one. * * * Of "P. A. L." his serious picture of American blah and boom, we hear great things. * * * Well, now, we're going to stuff some books into the old brief-case and galumph. * * * Happy days!

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

AMERICAN AUCTION METHODS.

THREE or four years ago the late Thomas E. Kirby, then at the head of the American Art Association, in an interview in the New York *Times*, pointed out that New York was fast becoming the art center of the world because conditions in America were bound to bring about this result, and he gave abundant reasons to prove his assertion. Since that interview the points he made have been repeated again and again in other interviews and in newspaper editorials.

The advantages of New York as a market for art and literary property is beginning to be recognized abroad. The valuable Leverhulme art collection will be sold this winter at the Anderson Galleries. Mr. Kennerly has just made an announcement to that effect. The surprising news is now being discussed in the English press and some of the comment is illuminating. A well known London expert paid New York auction houses this tribute for the cleverness of their methods in handling big sales:

"The aim of New York is to make an auction a great social function. The art auctioneer studies psychology. He sets out to attract the man with the big purse rather than the cautious agent, and he traps his man into a happy, 'don't-care-what-it-costs' frame of mind. All of the big sales are held after dinner, when the dollar kings are feeling comfortable and optimistic. He gets the men sitting at their ease in most luxurious surroundings, parades the pictures before them with the art of a theatrical producer, and instantly the purses are wide open and the rivalry between the rich collectors begin. In London, auctions are frigid affairs and the salesrooms are often uncomfortable and draughty. The result is that the buyers are critical even before the first picture is put up."

Another point of view is expressed by an English connoisseur:

"The Americans have applied good sound sense to their book and art collecting They know that the supply of genuinely rare and desirable books and masterpieces of art is limited. The tendency of prices are upward because the demand is greater than the supply. It is generally cheaper to buy at the first opportunity, at even what appears to be a high price, than to wait for lower prices which never come, and then pay the higher prices which the history of collecting shows to be inevitable. This was the theory of James Lenox, of J. Pierpont Morgan, and of Henry E. Huntington, to quote well known cases, and time has shown that all three men were cool, calculating, successful collectors. In America collectors appraise carefully, but they are not afraid of making new high records because experience has shown them that the tendency of prices is upward—that the high prices of today are the low prices of tomorrow."

The conditions which are giving New York the supremacy in the art and rare book world are plain enough. Here are the largest number of intelligent, discriminating, determined, wealthy collectors. They care more for books and pictures than they do for money. Here are the fairest and most efficient auction houses in the world. These are reasons enough why New York will soon become the greatest market in the world for the worth-while in books and art.

FAMOUS LAMB DINNER.

FROM 1909 to 1914 a series of Charles Lamb dinners were held annually at Cambridge and a chronicle of them has been published in a little book entitled "Cambridge and Charles Lamb," edited by G. E. Wherry. An account of "The Earliest Charles Lamb Dinner" on the one hundredth anniversary of Lamb's birth, was written by Sir Edmund Gosse. "I can, without difficulty," he says, "name the convives. There was Swinburne, of course, at the head of the table, looking very small in an immense chair, but preserving a mien of rare solemnity. There was our dear and ever cheerful William Minto, of Aberdeen, who left so prematurely nineteen years ago; there was a rather trying journalist, Purnell, who has long since been dead; and there were Mr. Thomas Watts, now Watts-Dunton, and myself. That was the company, fit, perhaps, but certainly few. We met in a very old-fashioned hotel in Soho, and had a coarse, succulent dinner in the mid-Victorian style, very much I dare say in Charles Lamb's own taste. The extreme dignity of Swinburne was the feature of the dinner which remains chiefly in my memory; he sank so low in his huge arm-chair, and sat so bold upright in it, his white face, with its great aureole of red hair, beaming over the table like the rising sun. It was magnificent to see Swinburne, when Purnell, who was a reckless speaker, "went too far," bringing back the conversation into the paths of decorum. He was a perfect Mrs. Grundy. He was so severe that Purnell sulked, and taking out a church warden, left us at table and smoked in the chimney corner. Our shock was the bill—portentous! Swinburne, in organizing had made no arrangement as to price, and when he trooped into the frosty midnight, there was five long faces of impecunious men of letters." The little volume, published by the Cambridge University Press, is illustrated with portraits of Charles Lamb, Mary Lamb, George Dyer, William Frend, and a facsimile of a letter written to Talfourd in 1819.

THE ORLEANS COLLECTION.

THE most notable of all gifts of books received by the American Library in Paris during the past year was the collection of transcripts, books, maps, and pictures by Louis Philippe d'Orléans, Comte de Paris, used in the preparation of his monumental "History of the Civil War in America," a gift from the present Duc d'Orléans. Comte de Paris served in the Civil War on the staff of General McClellan and took part in several important battles. During his residence in England following the Franco-Prussian War, while writing upon economic and political subjects, he decided to undertake the great historical work which his participation in the American Civil War had inspired. The collections made in the course of his work, now the property of the American Library, include 14 volumes of transcripts of letters and telegrams, 41 packages of transcripts of military orders and reports, all probably from the war department records, reports of court martial proceedings, 172 volumes of regimental histories, and a great deal of miscellaneous material. This collection will be prized because it was the working material in an important history of the great Civil War and for its association with a true friend of the American Union.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

THE First Edition Club of London will soon publish a "Bibliography of the First Editions and Pamphlets by Austen Dobson," compiled by Alban Dobson, with a preface by Sir Edmund Gosse. The volume will be limited to 500 copies and is being printed at the Curwen Press. It is based upon the compiler's unique Austin Dobson collection.

The month's analysis of the demands for first editions of modern English authors as shown by the want advertisements published in the English trade papers and tabulated in the *Bookman's Journal* for the five weeks ending August 22, indicates a keen and widespread interest in this field. The leading ten out of a list of sixty English authors are James Stephens, John Galsworthy, George Moore, G. Bernard Shaw, Norman Douglas, Anthony Trollope, Sir J. M. Barrie, Aldous Huxley, Walter de le Mare, and Andrew Lang.

The well known bookshop of James F. Drake, Inc., is entering upon its twenty-first year. Under the caption of "1905-1925" Mr. Drake writes the following foreword to his current catalogue:

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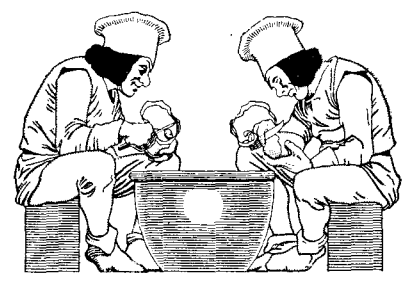

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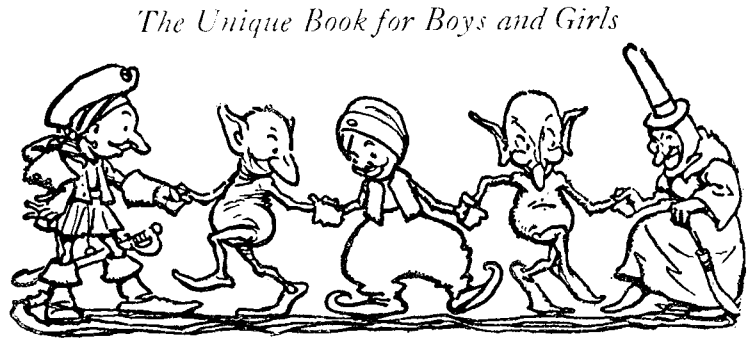

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